

MARIE
MAGDALENS
FVNERAL
TEARES.

Ieremiæ.
CAP. 6. VERSE, 26.

Luctum vnigeniti fac tibi plan-
ctum Amarum.

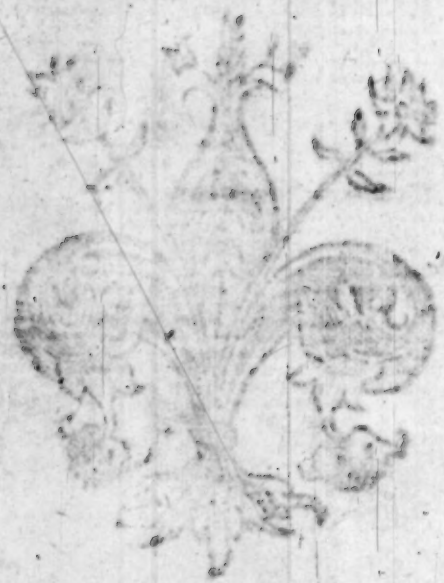


LONDON
Printed by I. W. for G. C.
1591.

MATHE
MAGDALENA
P. V. B. R. A.
T. B. R. S.

CAR. V. A. S. T. R. O.

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LONDON
Printed by J. W. for C. C.
1801



To the worshipfull and
vertuous Gentlewo-
man, *Mistres D.*

A.



Our vertuous re-
quest to whiche
your deserts gaue
the force of a com-
mandement, won
me to satisfie your
deuotion, in penning some little
discourse of the blessed *Mary Mag-
dalen*. And among other glorious
examples of this Saints life, I haue
made choise of her Funeral Tears,
in which as shee most vttered the
great vehemency of her feruent
loue to Christ, so hath shee giuen

A 3

therein

The Epistle

therein largest scope to dilate vpon the same: a theame pleasing I hope vnto your self, and fittest for this time. For as passion, and especially this of loue, is in these daies the chiefe commaunder of most mens actions, & the Idol to which both tongues and pennes doe sacrifice their ill bestowed labours: so is there nothing nowe more needefull to bee intreated, then how to direct these humors vnto their due courses, and to draw this floud of affections into the right chanel. Passions I allow, and loues I approue, onely I would wishe that men would alter their obiect and better their intent. For passions being sequels of our nature, and allotted vnto vs as the hand-maides of reason: there can be no doubt, but that as their author is
good

Dedicatorie.

good, and their end godly: so ther
vse tempered in the meane, impli-
eth no offence. Loue is but the in-
fancy of true charity, yet sucking
natures teate, and swathed in her
bandes, which then groweth to
perfection, when faith besides na-
turall motiues proposeth higher
and nobler groundes of amitye.
Hatred and anger are the necessa-
ry officers of prowesse and Iustice,
courage being colde and dull, and
Iustice in due reuenge slacke and
carelesse, where hate of the faulte
doth not make it odious, & anger
seteth not edge on the sword that
punisheth or preuenteth wrongs.
Desire & hope are the parents of
diligence and industry, the nurses
of perseueraunce and constancy,
the seedes of valour and magnani-
mity, the death of sloth, and the

The Epistle

breath of all vertue. Feare and dislike are the sconces of discretion, the herbingers of wisdom and pollicy, killing idle repentance in the cradle, and curbing rashnesse with deliberation. Audacity is the armour of strength, and the guide to glory, breaking the ice to the hardest exploits, and crowning valour with honourable victory.

Sorrowe is the sister of mercy, and a waker of compassion, weeping with others teares, and grieved with their harmes. It is both the salve and smart of sin, curing that which it chasticeth with true remorse, and preuenting neede of new cure with the detestation of the disease. Dispaire of successe, is a bitte against euil attempts, and the herse of idle hopes ending endlesse

Dedicatorie.

dlesse things in their first motion to begin. True Ioy is the rest and reward of vertue, seasoning difficulties with delight, and giuing a present assay of future happinesse. Finally, ther is no passion but hath a seruiceable vse cyther in the pursuite of good, or auoydance of euill, and they are all benefites of God and helpes of nature, so long as they are kept vnder vertues correction.

But as too much of the best is euill, and excesse in vertue vice: so passions let loose without limmits are imperfections, nothing being good that wanteth measure. And as the sea is vnfit for traffick, not onely when the windes are too boisterous, but also when they are too still, and a middle gale and motion of the waues serueth best
the

The Epistle

the failers purpose: So neither too stormy nor too calme a minde giueth Vertue the freest course, but a middle temper betweene them both, in which the well ordered passions are wrought to prosecute, not suffered to peruert any vertuous indeuour. Such were the passions of this holy Sainte, which were not guides to reason, but attendantes vpon it, and commanded by such a loue as could neuer excede, because the thing loued was of infinite perfection. And if her weakenes of faith, (an infirmity then common to all Christes disciples) did suffer her vnderstanding to be deceiued, yet was her will so settled in a most sincere and perfect loue, that it ledde all her passions with the same bias, recompensing the want of beliefe, with

Dedicatorie:

with the strange effectes of an excellent charity. This loue & these passions are the subiect of this discourse, which though it reach not to the dignity of *Maries* deserts, yet shal I thinke my indeuors wel apaide, if it may wooe some skilfuller penne from vnworthy labours, eyther to supply in this matter my want of ability, or in other of like piety, (wherof the scripture is full) to exercise their happier talents. I know that none can expresse a passion that hee feeleth not, neyther doth the penne deliver but what it coppieth out of the minde. And therefore sith the finest wits are now giuen to write passionat discourses, I would wish them to make choise of such passions, as it neither should be shame to vtter, nor sinne to feele. But
whether

The Epistle

whether my wishes in this behalf
take effect or not, I reap at the least
this reward of my paines, that I
haue shewed my desire to answer
your courtesie, and set forth the
due praises of this glo-
rious Saint.

Your louing friend.

S. W.



To the Reader.



Anie suting their labors to the popular vaine, and guided by the gale of vulgar breath, haue diuulged diuerse patheticall discourses, in which if they had shewed as much care to profite, as they haue done desire to please, their workes woulde much more haue honoured their names, and auailed the Readers. But it is a iust complaint among the better sorte of persons, that the finest wittes loose themselves in the vaineſt follies, spilling much Arte in some idle phansie, and leauing their workes as witnessses, howe long they haue beene in trauaile to be in fine deliuered of a fable. And sure it is a
thing

To the Reader.

thing greatly to bee lamented, that men of so high conceite should so much abase their habilities, that when they haue racked them to the uttermost endeavour, all the prayse that they reape of their employment, consisteth in this, that they haue wisely tolde a foolish tale, and carried a long lie verie smoothlie to the ende. Yet this inconuenience might finde some excuse, if the drift of their discourse leuelled at anie vertuous marke, for in fables are often figured morall trueths, and that couertly uttered to a common good, whiche without a maske woulde not finde so free a passage. But when the substance of the worke hath neither trueth nor probabilitie, nor the purpor thereof tendeth to anie honest end, the writer is rather to bee pitied then praised, and his bookes fitter for the fire then for the presse. This common oversight more haue obserued, then

To the Reader.

then endeavored to salve, euerie one being able to reprove, none willing to redresse such faultes, aucthorised especially by generall custome: And though if necessitie (the lawlesse patrone of enforced actions) had not more preuailed, then choise, this worke of so different a subiect from the usuall vaine, should haue beene no eye-sore to those that are better pleased with worse matters. Yet sith the copies therof flew so fast, and so false abroad, that it was in danger to come corrupted to the print: it seemed a lesse euill to let it flie to common viewe in the natiue plume, and with the owne wings, then disguised in a coate of a bastard feather, or cast off from the fist of such a corrector, as might happily haue perished the sound, and impeded in some sicke and sory fethers of his owne phantasies. It may be that courteous skill will reckon this, though eourse in respect of others exquisite labors, not unfit to entertaine

To the Reader.

certaine well tempered humours, both with pleasure and profit, the ground therof being in scripture, and the forme of enlarging it, an imitation of the ancient doctours, in the same and other pointes of like tenour. This commodity at the least it will carie with it, that the reader may learne to loue without improofe of puritie, & teach his thoughts eyther to temper passion in the meane, or to giue the bridle onely where the ex-cesse cannot be faultic. Let the work defend it self, and euerie one passe his censure as he seeth cause. Manie Carpes are expected when curious eyes come a fishing. But the care is already taken, and the patience waiteth at the table, ready to take away, when that dish is serued in, and to make rounge for others to set on the desired fruit.

S. VV.



MARY MAGDALENS

Funerall Teares.



AMONGST o-
ther mourneful ac-
cidents of the pas-
sion of Christ, that
loue presenteth it
selfe to my memo-
ry, with which the

blessed Mary Magdalen louing our
Lord moze then her life, followed him
in his iourney to his death, attending
vpon him when his Disciples fledde,
and being moze willing to die with
him, then they to liue without him.
But not finding the fauour to accom-
pany him in death, and loathing after
him to remaine in life, the fire of her
true affection enflamed her heart, and
her

Mary Magdalens

John 20.

her enflamed hart resolved into vn-
ces-
sant teares , so that burning and ba-
thing betwæen loue and grieffe, shee led
a life euer dying, and felt a death ne-
uer ending. And when hee by whome
shee liued was dead, and shee for whom
he died enforcedly left aline, shee prai-
sed the dead more then the liuing, and
hauing lost that light of her life, shee
desired to dwell in darkenesse, and in
the shadow of death, choosing Christs
Tombe for her best home, and his
corse for her chiefe comfort. For Ma-
ry (as the Euangelist saith) Stood
without at the Tombe weeping.

But alas how vnfortunate is this
woman, to whome neyther life will
afforde a desired farewell, nor death
alow any wished welcome. Shee hath
abandoned the liuing and chosen the
company of the dead, and now it see-
meth that euen the dead haue forsaken
her, sith the corse shee seeketh is taken
away frō her. And this was the cause
that loue induced her to stand, and sor-
row

now enforced her to weepe. Her eie was watchful to seek, whom her heart most longed to enioy, and her foote in a readinesse to runne, if her eie shoulde chaunce to espy him. And therefore shee standeth to be still stirring, prest to watch euery way, and prepared to goe whether any hope should call her. But shee wept because shee had such occasion of standing, and that which moued her to watch was the motiue of her teares. For as shee watched to finde whom shee had lost, so shee wept for hauing lost whom shee loued, her poore eies being troubled at once with two contrary offices, both to be clear in sight the better to seeke him, and yet clondy with tears for missing the sight of him.

Yet was not this the entrance but the increase of her griefe, not the beginning but the renewing of her mone. For first shee mourned for the departing of his soule out of his body, and now shee lamented the taking of
his

Mary Magdelens

his body out of the graue, being punished with two weekes of her onely welfare, both full of misery, but the last without all comfort. The first originall of her sorrow grew because shee could not enjoy him aliv: yet this sorrow had some solace, for that shee hoped to haue enjoyed him dead.

But when shee considered that his life was already lost, and now not so much as his body could be found, shee was wholly daunted with dismay, sith this unhappinesse admitted no helpe. Shee doubted least the loue of her master (the onely portion that her Fortune had left her) would soon languish in her cold brest, if it neither had his wordes to kindle it, nor his presence to cherishe it, nor so much as his dead ashes to rake it vp. Shee had prepared her spices and provided her ointments, to pay him the last Tribute of eternall dueties. And though Ioseph and Nichodemus had already bestowed a hundred pounds of Myrrhe and Aloes

Ioan. 19.

loes, which was in quantity sufficient, in quality of the best, and as well applied as art and deuotion could deuise: yet such was her loue, that shee would haue thought any quantity too little, except hers had bene added, the best in quality too meane except hers were with it, and no diligence in applying it inough, except her seruice were in it. Not that shee was sharpe in censuring that which others had done, but because loue made her so desirous to doe all her selfe, that though all had bene done that shee could deuise, and as well as shee could wishe, yet vnlesse shee were an Act, it would not suffice, sith loue is as eager to bee vttered in effects, as it is zealous in true affection. Shee came therefore now meaning to enbalme his corps, as shee had before annointed his feet, and to preserve the reliques of his body, as the only remnant of all her blisse. And as in the spring of her felicitie shee had washed his feete with her teares, bewailing

Mary Magdalens

unto him the death of her own soule: so now shee came in the depth of her misery, to shedde them a freshe for the death of his body. But when she saw the graue open, and the body taken out, the labour of embalming was prevented, but the cause of her weeping increased, and he that was wanting to her obsequies, was not wanting to her teares, and though shee founde not whom to annoint, yet found she whom to lament.

And not without cause did Mary complaine, finding her first anguish doubled with a second griefe, and being surcharged with two most violent sorowes in one afflicted heart. For hauing settled her whole affection vpon Christ, and summoned all her desires and wishes into the loue of his goodnes, as nothing could equall his worthes: so was ther not in the whole world, either a greater benefit for her to enioy then himselfe, or any greater damage possible then his losse.

The

The murdering in his one death,
the life of all lifes, left a general death
in all living creatures, and his disease
not onely disrobed our nature of her
most roiall ornaments, but impoueri-
shed the world of all highest perfecti-
ons. What meruaile therefore though
her vehement loue to so lonely a Lord,
being after the wzecke of his life, now
also depriued of his dead body, felt as
bitter pangues for his losse, as before
it tasted ioyes in his presence, and open
as large an issue to teares of sorrowe,
as euer heretofore to tears of content-
ment. And though teares were ra-
ther oile then water to her flame, ap-
ter to nourish then diminish her grief:
yet being now plunged in the depth of
paine, shee yielded her selfe captiue to
all discomfort, carrying an ouerthrow-
en mind in a more enfeebled body, and
still busie in deuising, but euer doubt-
full in defining what shee might best
doe. For what could a seely woman
doe but weepe, that floating in a Sea

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of cares, founde neither eare to heare her, no2 tongue to direct her, no2 hand to helpe her, no2 heart to pittie her in her desolate case? True it is that Peter and Iohn came with her to the tombe, and to make triall of her report were both within it: but as they were speedy in comming, and diligent in searching, so were they as quick to depart, and fearefull of farther seeking. And alas, what gained shee by their comming, but two witnessses of her losse, two dismaiers of her hope, and two patterns of a new despaire? Loue moued them to come, but their loue was sone conquered, with such a feare, that it suffered them not to stay. But Mary hoping in dispaire, and perseuering in hope, stood without feare, because shee now thought nothing left that ought to be feared. For shee had lost her maister to whom shee was so entirely deuoted, that hee was the totall of her loues, the height of her hopes, and the vttermost of her feares, and therefore be-

beside him, shee could neither loue other creature, hope for other comfort, nor feare other losse. The worst shee could feare was the death of her body, and that shee rather desired then feared, sith shee had already lost the life of her soule, without which any other life would be a death, and with which any other death would haue ben a delight. But now shee thought it better to die then to liue, because shee might happily dying finde, whome not dying shee looked not to enioy, and not enioying shee had little will to liue. For now shee loued nothing in her life, but her loue to Christ, & if any thing did make her willing to liue, it was onely the vnwillingnesse that his Image should die with her, whose likenesse loue had limmed in her heart, and treasured vp in her sweetest memoeries. And had shee not feared to break the Table, and to break open the closet, to which shee had entrusted this last relique of her lost happinesse, the violence of grieve would

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would haue melted her heart into inward bleeding teares, and blotted her remembraunce with a fatall obliuion. And yet neuerthelesse, shee is now in so imperfect a sort alieue, that it is proued true in her that Loue is as strong as Death. For what could death haue done more in Mary then Loue did. Her wittes were astonied, and all her senses so amased, that in the end finding shee did not know, seeing shee could not discern, hearing shee perceined not, and more then all this, shee was not there where shee was, for shee was wholly where her Maister was, more where shee loued then where shee liued, and lesse in her self then in his body, which notwithstanding, where it was shee could not imagine. For she sought, and as yet found it not, and therefore stood at the Tombe weeping for it, being now altogether giuen to mourning & diuened to misery.

But O Mary, by whose counsaile,
vpon what hope, or with what hart,
couldst

couldst thou stand alone, when the Disciples were departed? Thou wert there once befoze they came, thou returnest againe at their comming, and yet now thou staieſt when they are gone. Alas that thy Lord is not in the Tombe, thy owne eies haue often ſeen, the Disciples hands haue felt, the empty Sindon doth auouch, and cannot al this wigne thee to beleue it? No no, thou wouldest rather condemne thy owne eies of erroꝝ, and both their eies and handes of deceite, yea rather suspect all testimonies foꝝ vntrue, then not looke whom thou hast lost, euen there, where by no diligence he could be found. When thou thinkest of other places, and canst not imagine any so likely as this, thou seekest againe in this, and though neuer so often sought, it must still bee a haunt foꝝ hope, foꝝ when things dearely affected are lost, loues nature is, neuer to be weary of searching euen the oftenest searched coꝝners, being moꝝe willing to thinke
that

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that all the senses are mistaken, then to yeelde that hope should quaille. Yet notwithstanding it is so euident, that he is taken away, what should moue thee to remaine here where the perill is apparent, and no pzoofite likely? Can the wit of one (and shee a woman) wholly possessed with passion, haue moze light to discerne daunger, then two wittes of two men, and both principall fauorites of the parent of all wisdom? Or if (notwithstanding the danger) there had beene iust cause to encounter it, were not two together, being both to Christ swozne companions, each to other affied friends, and to all his enemies pzoferred foes, moze likely to haue pzeuailed, then one feminine heart, timorous by kinde, and already amased with this dreadfull accident?

But alas why doe I vrge her with reason, whose reason is altered into loue, and that iudgeth it folly to follow such reason, as should any way impair her loue. Her thoughts were arrested by

by euery thredde of Christs Sindon,
and shee was captiue in so many pri-
sons, as the Tombe had memoꝛies of
her lost maister, Loue being her Jai-
loꝛ in them all, and nothing able to
raunsome her, but the recouery of her
Lord. What maruaile then though the
Apostles examles drew her not a-
way, whome so violent a loue enfor-
ced to remaine, which prescribing
lawes both to witte and wil, is guided
by no other lawe but it selfe? Shee
could not thinke of any fear, noꝛ stand
in feare of any force. Loue armed her
against all hazardes, and being alrea-
dy woundꝛd with the greatest griefe,
shee had not leisure to remember any
lesser euill. Yea shee had forgotten all
things, and her selfe among al things,
onely mindefull of him, whom shee lo-
ued aboue all thinges. And yet her
loue by reason of her losse, dꝛowned
both her mind and memoꝛy so deepe in
sorrow, and so busied her wittes in the
conceite of his absence, that al remem-
brance

Mary Magdalens

brance of his former promises, was diuerted with the throng of present discomforts, and shee seemed to haue forgotten also him besides whome shee remembred nothing. For doubtlesse had she remembred him as she should, shee should not haue now thought the Tombe a fitte place to seeke him, neither would shee mourne for him as dead, and remoued by others force, but ioy in him as reuiued, and risen by his owne power. For hee had often foretold both the manner of his death, and the day of his resurrection. But alas let her heauinesse excuse her, and the vnwontednes of the miracle plead her pardon, sith dzead and amazement hath dulled her senses, distempered her thoughts, discouraged her hopes, awaked her passions, and left her no other liberty but onely to weepe.

John 20.

Shee wept therefore, being onely able to weepe. And, As shee was weeping, shee stouped down and looked into the Monument, and she saw two
Angels

Angels in white, sitting one at the head, and an other at the feete, where the body of Iesus had beene layd. They said vnto her, Woman why wepest thou?

¶ Mary, thy good hap excēdeth thy hope, and where thy last sorrow was bzēd, thy first succour springeth. Thou diddest seeke but one, and thou hast found two. A dead body was thy errand, and thou hast light vppon two a line. Thy weeping was for a man, and thy tears haue obtained Angels. Suppress now thy sadness, and refresh thy heart with this good fortune. These angels inuite thee to a parlee, they seem to take pittie of thy case, and it may be they haue some happy tidings to tell thee. Thou hast hitherto sought in vaine, as one either vnseene, or vknown, or at the least vnregarded, sith the party thou seekest, neither tendereth thy teares, nor answereth thy cries, nor relenteth with thy lamentings. Either he doth not heare, or hee will

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will not helpe, he hath peradventure
left to loue thee, and is loath to yelde
thee reliefe, & therefore take such com-
fort as thou findest, sith thou art not so
lucky, as to finde that which thou couldest
wish. Remember what they are,
where they sitte, from whence they
come, and to whom they speake. They
are Angels of peace, neither sent with
out cause, no2 seen but of fauour. They
sit in the Tombe, to shew that they
are no straungers to thy losse. They
come from Heauen, from whence all
happy newes descend. They spake to
thy selfe, as though they had some spe-
ciall Embassage to deliuer vnto thee.
Aske them therfore of thy maister, for
they are likeliest to returne thee a desi-
red aunswere. Thou knewest him too
well, to thinke that hell hath deuoured
him, thou hast long sought, and hast
not found him in earth, and what place
so fit for him as to be in heauen. Aske
therefore of those Angels that came
newly from thence, and it may be, their
report

report will highly please thee? Or if thou art resolved to continue thy seeking, who can better helpe thee then they that are as swift as thy thought, as faithfull as thy owne heart, and as louing to thy Lord as thou thy selfe? Take therefore thy good hap, least it be taken away from thee, and content thee with Angels sith thy maister hath giuen thee ouer.

But alas what meaneth this change, & how happeneth this strange alteration? The time hath bene that fewer teares would haue wrought greater effecte, shorter seeking haue sooner found, and lesse paine haue procured more pittie. The time hath ben that thy anointing his feete, was accepted and praised, thy washing them with teares highly commended, and thy wypping them with thy haire, most curteously construed. How then doth it now fall out, that hauing brought thy sweete oiles, to annoint his whole body, hauing shed as many teares, as

C

would

Mary Magdalens

would haue washed more then his feet, and hauing not only thy haire but thy heart ready to serue him, he is not moued with all these duties, so much as once to affoꝝde thee his sight. Is it not he that reclaimed thee from thy wandring courses, that dispossessed thee of thy damned inhabitants, and from the wildes of sinne, recouered thee into the folde and family of his flocke? was not thy house his home, his loue thy life, thy selfe his Disciple? did not hee defend thee against the Pharisee, pleade soꝝ thee against Iudas, and excuise thee to thy sister? In summe, was not hee thy patron and pꝛotectoꝝ in all thy necessities.

O good Iesu what hath thus estranged thee from her? Thou hast heretofore so pittied her teares, that seeing them thou couldest not refraine thine. In one of her greatest agonies soꝝ loue of her, that so much loued thee, thou diddest recall her dead brother to life, turning her complaint into vnerpected

pected contentment. And we knowe
that thou doest not vse to alter course
without cause, no2 to chastice without
desert. Thou art the first that inuitest,
and the last that forsakeest, neuer lea-
uing but first left, and euer offering, til
thou art refused. How then hath shee
forsaited thy fauour? Or with what
trespasse hath shee earned thy ill will?
That shee neuer left to loue thee, her
heart will depose, her hand will sub-
scribe, her tongue will protest, her
teares wil testify, and her seeking doth
assure. And alas is her particular case
so farre from all example, that thou
shouldest rather alter thy nature, then
shee better her Fortune, and be to her
as thou art to no other? For our parts
since thy last shew of liking towarde
her, we haue found no other faulte in
her, but that shee was the careliest vp
to seeke thee, readiest to annoint thee,
and when shee saw that thou wert re-
moued, shee forthwith did weepe for
thee, and presently went for helpe to

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finde thee. And whereas those two that
thee brought, being lesse careful of thee,
then fearefull of themselves, when
they had seene what thee had sayd, so-
dainely shrunke away, behold thee stil
staieth, thee still seeketh, thee still wee-
peth. If this be a fault, we cannot de-
ny but this thee doth and to this thee
perswadeth, yea this the neither mea-
neth to amend, nor requesteth thee to
forgiue: if therfore thou reckonest this
as punishable, punished thee must be,
sith no excuse hath effect wher the fact
pleadeth guilty. But if this import not
any offence but a true affection, and be
rather a good desire then an euil desert,
why art thou so hard a Judge to so soft
a creature, requiting her loue with
thy losse, and suspending her hopes in
this unhappinesse? Are not those thy
wordes? I loue those that loue mee,
and who watcheth earely for me shall
finde mee. Why then doth not this
woman finde thee, that was vp so ear-
ly to watch for thee? Why doest thou
not

not with like repay her, that bestoweth vpon thee her whole loue, sith thy word is her warrant, and thy promise her due debt? Art thou lesse moued with these tears that shee sheddeth for thee her onely Maister, then thou wert with those that shee shed before thee for her deceased brother? Or doth her loue to thy seruant more please thee then her loue to thy selfe? Our loue to others must not be to them but to thee in them. For he loueth thee so much the lesse, that loueth any thing with thee, that he loueth not for thee. If therefore shee then deserved wel for louing thee in an other, shee deserueth better now for louing thee in thy selfe, and if in deede thou louest those that loue thee, make thy worde good to her, that is so far in loue with thee. Of thy selfe thou hast sayd, that thou art The way, the truth and the life, If then thou art a way easie to find & neuer erring, how doth shee misse thee? If a life giuing life and neuer ending, why is

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Shee ready to die for thee? If a true
promising truth & neuer failing, howe
is shee bereaued of thee? For if what
thy tongue did speake, thy truth will
auerre, shee will neuer aske moze to
make her most happy. Remember
that thou saidst to thy sister, that Mary
had chosen the best part which should
not be takē from her. That shee chouse
the best part is out of question, sith shee
made choise of nothing but onely of
thee. But how can it be verified, that
this part shall not be taken from her,
sith thou that art this part art already
taken away? If shee could haue kept
thee, shee would not haue lost thee, and
had it beene in her power, as it was
in her will, shee would neuer haue par-
ted from thee: and might shee now be
restored to thy presence, shee would try
all Fortunes rather then forgoe thee.
Sith therefore shee seketh nothing but
what shee chouse, and the losse of her
choise is the onely cause of her comber,
either vouchsafe thou to keepe this best
part

part that shee choose in her, or I see not how it can be true, that it shall not bee taken from her. But thy meaning happely was, that though it be taken from her eies, yet it should neuer bee taken from her heart, and it may be thy inward presence supplieth thine outward absence : yet I can hardlye thinke, but that if Mary had thee within her, shee could feele it, and if shee felt it, shee would neuer seeke thee. Thou art too hoate a fire to be in her bosome, and not to burne her, and thy light is too great, to leaue her minde in this darkenesse if it shined in her. In true louers euery part is an eie, and euery thought a looke, and therefore so sweet an obiect among so many eies, and in so great a light, could neuer lie so hidden but loue would espie it. No no if Mary had thee, her innocent heart neuer taught to dissemble, could not make complaint, the outside of a concealed comfozte, neither would shee turne her thoughtes to pasture in a dead mans tombe,

C 4

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tombe, if at home shee might bid them
to so heauenly a banquet. Her loue
would not haue a thought to spare, nor
a minute to spend, in any other action
then in enioying of thee, whome shee
knew too wel, to abidge the least part
in her from so high a happinesse. For
her thirst of thy presence was so excē-
ding, and the Sea of thy ioies so well
able to afforde her a full draught, that
though euery parcell in her should take
in a whole tide of thy delightes, shee
would thinke them too few to quiet her
desires. Yea doubtlesse if shee had thee
within her, shee would not enuye the
Fortune of the richest Emperesse, yea
shee would more reioyce to be thy tōbe
in earth then a throne in heauen, and
disdain to be a Saint if shee were wor-
thy to be but thy shrine.

But peraduenture it is now with
her mind, as it was with the Apostles
eies, and as they seeing thee walk up-
pon the sea, took thee for a Ghost, so
shee seeing thee in her heart, daemeth
thee

thee but a fanſie, being yet better acquainted with thy bodily ſhape, then with thy ſpirituall power.

But O Mary it ſeemeth too ſtrange that hee whome thou ſeekeſt, and for whome thou weepeſt ſhould thus giue thee ouer, to theſe painefull fittes, if in thee he did not ſee a cauſe for which he will not be ſcene of thee. Still thy plaint and ſtint thy weeping, for I doubt there is ſome treſpaſſe in thy teares, and ſome ſinne in thy ſorrow: doeſt thou not remember his wordes to thee and to other women, when he ſaid; Daughters of Hieruſalem weepe not vppon me, but weepe vppon your ſelues and vpon your children. What meaneſt thou then to continue this courſe? Doth he forbid thy teares, and wilt not thou ſorbear them? Is it no fault to infringe his will, or is not that his will, that his wordes doe import? The fault muſt be mended, ere the penance be releaſed, and therefore either ceaſe to weepe or neuer hope to finde

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kinde. But I know this Logicke little pleaseeth thee, and I might as soon win thee to forbear living, as to leaue weeping.

Thou wilt say that though he forbade thee to weepe for him, yet he left thee free, to weepe for thy selfe, and sith thy loue hath made thee one with him, thou wepest but for thy self when thou wepest for him. But I aunswer thee againe, that because he is one with thee, and thy weeping for him hath bin forbidden thee, thou canst not weepe for thy selfe, but his wordes will condemn thee. For if thou and he are one, for which soeuer thou wepest it is all one, and therefore sith for him thou maiest not weepe, forbear all weeping least it should offend.

Yea but (saiest thou) to barre mee from weeping, is to abridge me of liberty, and restraint of liberty is a penalty, and euery penalty supposeth some offence: but an offence it is not to weep for my selfe, for he would neuer

uer commaund it, if it were not lawfull to doe it. The fault therefore must be, in being one with him, that maketh the weeping for my selfe, a weeping also for him. And if this be a fault, I will neuer amend it, and let them that thinke it so, doe penance for it, for my part, sith I haue lost my mirth, I will make much of my sorrow, and sith I haue no ioy but in teares, I may lawfully shedde them. Neither thinke I his former word, a warrant against his latter deede. And what neede had he to weepe vpon the Crosse, but for our example, which if it were good for him to giue, it can not be euill for mee to follow. No no it is not my weeping that causeth my losse, sith a world of eies, & a sea of tears, could not worthely bewaile the misse of such a maister.

Yet since, neither thy seeking sin-
neth, nor thy weeping preuaileth satis-
fy thy selfe with the sight of Angels.
Demaunding the cause of their com-
ming, and the reason of thy Lords re-
moue,

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move, and sith they first offer the occasion of parley, be not thou too dainty of thy discourse. It may be they can calm thy stormes, and quiet thy unrest, and therefore conceale not from them thy sore, leasse thou lose the benefite of their emplaister. But nothing can move Mary to admit comfort, or entertaine any company, for to one alone and for ever she hath vowed her selfe, and except it be to him, shee will neither lend her eare long to others, nor borrow others helpe, least by seeking to alay her smart, shee should lessen her loue. But drawing into her minde all pensive conceites, shee museth and pineth in a consuming languor, taking comfort in nothing but in being comfortlesse.

Alas saith shee, small is the light that a starre can yeeld when the Sun is downe, and a sorry exchange to goe gather crummes after the losse of a heavenly repast. My eyes are not vsed to see by the glims of a sparke: and in seeking

king the same it is either needeles or
booteles to borrowe the light of a can-
dle, sith eyther it must betwray it selfe
with the selfe light, or no other light
can euer discover it. If they come to
disburden me of my heavinesse, their
comming wil be burdensom vnto me,
and they wil load me moze while they
labour my reliefe. They cannot per-
swade me, that my Maister is not lost,
for my owne eyes will disproue them.
They can lesse tell me where he may
be found, for they would not be so sim-
ple, to be so long from him: or if they
can forbear him, surely they doe not
know him, whom none can truly know
and live long without him. All their
demurres would be tedious, and dis-
courses irkesome. Impaire my loue
they might, but appay it they could
not, to which he that first accepted the
debt, is the onely paiment. They ey-
ther want power, will or leaue to tell
me my desire, or at the first word they
would haue don it, sith Angels are not
vled

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blesed to idle speeches, and to me al talke
is idle, that doth not tell me of my ma-
ster. They know not where he is, and
therefore they are come to the place
where he last was, making the tombe
their heauen, and the remembrance of
his presence the foode of their felicity.
Whatsoever they could tell me, if they
told me not of him, and whatsoever
they should tell me of him, if they told
me not where he were, both their tel-
ling and my hearing were but a wa-
sting of time. I neither came to see the,
nor desire to heare them. I came not to
see Angels, but him that made both me
and Angels, and to whom I owe more
then both to men and Angels.

And to thee I appeal O most louing
Lord, whether my afflicted heart doe
not truely defray the tribute of an vn-
deuided loue. To thee I appeale whe-
ther I haue ioyned any partner with
thee in the small possession of my poore
selfe. And I would to God I were as-
pryng where thy body is, as thou art,
who

who is onely Lord and owner of my soule.

But alas sweet Iesu, where thou wert thou art not, where thou art I know not: wretched is the case that I am in, and yet how to better it I cannot imagin. Alas O my onely desire, why hast thou left me wauering in these vncertainties, and in how wilde a maze wander my doubtfull and perplexed thoughts? If I stay here where he is not I shall neuer finde him. If I would goe farther to seeke, I knowe not whether. To leaue the tombe is a death, and to stand helpeles by it an incurable vifease, so that all my comfort is now concluded in this, that I am left free to chouse whether I will stay without helpe, or goe without hope, that is in effect, with what torment I will end my life. And yet euen this were too happy a choise for so vnhappy a creature. If I might be chooser of my owne death, O how quickly should that choise be made, and how willing-

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Willingly would I runne to that execution? I would be nailed to the same crosse, with the same nailes, and in the same place: my heart should be wounded with his speare, my head with his thornes, my body with his whips: Finally I would taste al his tormentes, and tread all his embzued and bloudy steppes.

But O ambitious thoughts, why gaze you vpon so high a felicity? why think you of so glorious a death, yare prying to so infamous a life? death alas I deserue, yea not one but infinite deaths. But so sweet a death, seasoned with so many comforts, the very instruments whereof were able to raise the deadest corps, & depure the most defiled soule, were too small a scourge for my great offences. And therefore I am left to feele so many deaths, as I liue hours, and to passe as many pangues, as I haue thoughts of my losse, which are as many as there are minutes, and as violēt as if they were all in euery one.

But

But ſith I can neither die as he died,
nor liue where he lieth dead, I will
liue out my lining death by his graue,
and die on my dying life by his ſweete
tombe. Better is it after losse of his
body to looke to his ſepulchre, then af-
ter losse of the one, to leaue the other
to be deſtroyed. No no, though I haue
bene robbed of the Saint, I wil at the
leaſt haue care of the thyrne, which
though it be ſpoiled of the moſt ſoue-
raigne hoaſt, yet ſhall it be the Altar
where I will daily ſacrifice my heart,
and offer vp my teares.

Here will I ener leade, yea here
to I meane to end my wretched life,
that I may at the leaſt bee buried by
the tombe of my Lord, and take my
iron ſleepe neere this couche of ſtone,
which his preſence hath made the
place of ſweeteſt reſpoſe.

It may be alſo that this empte Sin-
don lying here to no uſe, and this
tōbe being opē without any in it, may
giue occaſion to ſome mercifull heart,

D

that

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that shall first light vpon my vnburied
body, to wrap me in this shroud, and
to interre me in this tombe.

¶ Too fortunate lett, for so vnfortu-
nate a woman to craue: no no, I doe
not craue it. For alas I dare not, yet if
such a sinfull oversight shoulde be com-
mitted, I doe now befoze hand forgine
that sinner, and were it no more pre-
sumption to wish it alieue then to suffer
it dead, if I knew the party that shuld
first passe by me, I woulde wee him
with my teares, and hire him with my
pzaiers, to blesse me with this felicity.
And though I dare not wish anie to do
it, yet this without offence I may say
to all, that I loue this Syndon aboute
all clothes in the world, and this tomb
I esteeme more, then any princes mo-
nument: yea, and I thinke that cozle
highly fauoured, that shall succede my
Lord in it, and for my part as I mean,
that the ground where I stand shall be
my death-bed, so am I not of Iacobs
minde to haue my bodie buried farre
from

from the place where it dieth, but euen in the next and readiest graue, and that as soone as my bzeath faileth, sith delates are bootlesse, where death hath wonne possession.

But alas I dare not say any moze: let my bodie take such fortune as be-falleth it: my soule at the least shall dwel in this sweet Paradise, and from this brittle case of flesh and bloud, passe presently into the glorious tombe of God and man. It is nowe entwapped in a masse of coztuption, it shall then enioy a place of high perfection: where it is nowe it is moze by force then by choise, and like a repining prisoner in a loathed gayle. But there in little rounge it should finde perfect rest, and in the prison of death, the libertie of a ioyfull life.

O sweet tomb of my sweetest Lord, while I liue I will stay by thee: when I die, I will cleaue vnto thee: neither alieue noz dead, will I euer be drawne from thee. Thou art the altar of mer-

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rie, the temple of trueth, the sanctuary of safetie, the graue of death, and the cradle of eternall life. O heauen of my eclipsed sunne, receiue into thee this sillie starre, that hath nowe also lost all wished light. O Whale that hast swallowed my onely Ionas, swallowe also me moze worthy to be thy pray, sith I, and not he, was the cause of this bloudie tempest. O Cesterne of my innocent Ioseph, take me into thy drie bottome, sith I, and not he, gaue iust cause of offence to my enraged brethren. But alas, in what cloud hast thou hidde the light of our way? Upon what shoare hast thou cast vp the preacher of all trueth? or to what Ismaelite hast thou yelded the purney, our of our life?

O unhappie me, why did I not before thinke of that which I now aske? why did I leaue him when I heard him, thus to lament him nowe, that I haue lost him? If I had watched with perseuerance, either none would haue taken

taken him, or they shoulde haue taken me with him.

But through too much precisenesse in keeping the lawe, I haue lost the lawmaker, and by being too scrupulous in obseruing his ceremonies, I am proued irreligious in losing himselfe, sith I should rather haue remained with the trueth then forsaken it, to solemnize the figure. The Sabbath could not haue bin prophaned in standing by his coyle, by which the prophaneest thinges are sanctified, & whose couch doth not defile the cleane, but clenseth the most defiled.

But when it was time to stay, I departed: When it was too late to helpe, I returned: and now I repent my folly, when it cannot be amended. But let my heart dissolue into sighes, mine eyes melt in teares, and my desolate soule languish in dislikes: yea let all that I am and haue, indure the deserued punishment, that if hee were incensed with my fault, he may

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he appeased with my penance, and returne vpon the amendement that fled from the offence.

Thus when hir timorous conscience had indited hir of so great an omission, & hir tooing enforced the euidence with these bitter accusations, Loue, that was now the onely umpier in all hir causes, condemned hir eyes to a freshe showre of teares, hir brest to a new storme of sighes, and hir soule, to be perpetuall prisoner to restlesse sorowes.

But O Mary, thou deceivest thy selfe in thy owne desires, and it well appeareth, that excesse of griefe, hath bred in thee a defect of due prouidence.

And wouldest thou indeed haue thy wishes, come to passe, and thy wordes fulfilled? Tell me then, I pray thee if thy heart were dissolved, where wouldest thou harbor thy Lord? what wouldest thou offer him? how wouldest thou loue him?

Thy

Thy eyes haue lost him, thy hands cannot feele him, thy feet cannot follow him, and if he be at all in thee, it is thy heart that hath him, and wouldest thou now haue that dissolved, from thence also to exile him? And if thy eyes were melted, thy soule in languor, and thy senses decayed, how wouldest thou see him, if he did appeare? howe shouldest thou heare him, if he did speake? howe couldest thou knowe him, though hee were there present?

Thou thinkest happily that hee loveth thee so wel, that if thy heart were spent for his loue, he would either lend his owne heart vnto thee, or create a newe heart in thee, better then that which thy sorrow tooke from thee. It may bee, thou imaginest, that if thy soule would giue place, his soule wanting nowe a body, would enter into thine, with supplie of all thy senses. and release of thy sorrowes.

O Mary thou didst not marke what thy maister was wont to say, when

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he told thee, that the third day he should rise againe. For if thou hadst heard him, or at the least vnderstood him, thou wouldest not thinke, but that hee now vseth both his heart and soule in the life of his owne body. And therefore repaire to the angels, and enquire more of them, least thy Lord be displeased, that comming from him thou wilt not entertaine them.

But Marie whose deuotions were all fixed vpon a nobler Saint, and that had so straightly bound hir thoughtes to his onely affection, that shee rather desired to vnknow whom she knew already, then to burthen her mind with the knowledge of new acquaintance, could not make her wil, long since possessed with the highest loue, stoupe to the acceptance of meaner friendships, And so this though she did not scornefully reiect, yet did she with humilitie refuse the Angels company, thinking it no discourtesie to take her selfe from them, so to giue her selfe more wholly to

to her Lord, to whome both shee and they were wholly deuoted, and ought most loue and greatest dutie. Sozroa also being nowe the onely interpreter of all that sense, deliuered to her vnderstanding, made hir consider their demand in a moze doubtfull then true meaning.

If (saith she) they come to ease my affliction, they coulde not be ignorant of the cause: and if they were not ignorant of it, they woulde neuer aske it: why then did they say, Woman why weepest thou?

If their question did import a prohibition, the necessitie of the occasion both countermand their counsaile, and fitter it were they shoulde weepe with me, then I in not weeping obey them.

If the Sunne were ashamed to shew his brightnesse, when the father of all lightes was darkened with such disgrace: If the heauens discolouring their beauties, suted themselues to their makers fortune; If the whole
frame

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frame of nature were almost dissolved to see the authour of nature so unnaturally abused: why may not Angelles, that best knewe the indignitie of the case, make vp a part in this lamentable consort: And especially now, that by the losse of his bodie, the cause of weeping is increased, and yet the number of mourners lessened: sith the Apostles are fled, all his friends afraid, and poore I left alone to supplie the teares of all creatures?

O who will giue water to my head, & a fountaine of teares vnto my eyes that I may weepe day and night, and neuer cease weeping? O my only Lord thy grieve was the greatest that ever was in man, and my grieve as great as ever happened to woman: for my loue hath carued me no small portion of thine, thy losse hath redoubled the torment of mine owne, and all creatures seeme to haue made ouer to me theirs, leauing mee as the vice-gerent of all their sorrows. Sorrow with me at the
least

least thou **O** Tombe, and thou into
teares you hardest stones. The time is
now come, that you are licensed to cry,
and bound to recompence the silence of
your **Lords** Disciples, of whome hee
himselfe said to the **Pharisees**, that if
they held their peace, the verie stones
should crie for them. Nowe therefore
sith feare hath locked vp their lips, &
sadnesse made the mute, let the stones
crie out against the murderers of my
Lord, and bewray the robbers of his
sacred body.

And I feare that were it well know-
en, who hath taken him away, there
is no stone so stony, but should haue
cause to lament.

It was doubtlesse the spite of some
malicious **Pharisee** or bloudy **Scribe**,
that not contented with those tor-
ments, that he suffered in life (of which
euery one to any other would haue bin
a tirannicall death) hath now stollen
away his dead body, to practise vpon
it some sauage cruelty, and to glutte
their

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their pittilesse eies, and brutish heart
with the unnaturall blage of his help-
les corps. O y^e rockes and stones if
euer you must cry out, now it is highe
time, sith the light, the life, and the
Lord of the world, is thus darkened,
massacred, and outragiously misused.

Sap. 5.

Doth not this tongue, whose truth
is infallible, and whose word omnipo-
tent, commaunding both windes and
seas, and neuer disobeyed of the moste
insensible creatures, promise to arme
the world, & to make the whole earth
to fight against the sencelesse persons,
in defence of the iust? And who more
iust then the lord of iustice? who more
sencelesse then his barbarous murder-
ers, whose insatiable thirst of his in-
nocent blood, could not be staunched,
with their cruell butchering him at
his death, vnles they proceeded farther
in this hellish impiety to his dead bo-
dy? Why then doe not all creatures
addresse themselves to reuenge so iust
a quarrell, vpon so sencelesse wret-
ches,

ches, left of all reason, forsaken of humanity, & bereaued of all feeling both of God and man?

¶ Mary, why doest thou thus torment thy selfe with these tragical surmises? Doest thou thinke that the Angels would sit still, if their Maister were not well? Did they serue him after his fasting, and would they despise him after his disease? Did they comfort him befoze he was apprehended, & would none defend him when he was dead? If in the garden hee might haue had twelue Legions of them, is his power so quite dead with his body, that he could not now commaund the? Was there an Angell found to helpe Daniel to his dinner, to saue Tobyc from the fish, yea and to defend Balaās pwoze beast from his Maisters rage, and is the Lord of Angelles of so little reckoning, that if his body shode in neede, neuer an Angell would defende it? Thou seest two here present to honour his Tombe, and how much more care-

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carefull would they be to doe homage to his person? Belæue not Mary that they would smile, if thou haddest such occasion to weepe. They would not so gloriously shine in white, if a blacke & mourning weede did better become them, or were a fitter livery for they: rather to giue, or them to weare. Feelde not more to thy vncertain fear, and deceiued loue, then to their assured knowledge, and neuer erring charity. Can a materiall eye see more then a heauenly spirite, or the glimmering of the twi-light giue better aym then the beames of their eternal Sun? Would they, thinkest thou, wait vpon the winding sheete, while the corse were abused, or be here for thy comfort, if their Lord did neede their seruice? No no, he was neither any thæues botye, nor Pharisees praye, neyther are the Angels so careles of him, as thy suspicion presumeth. And if their presence and demeanour can not alter thy conceite, looke vppon the clothes and they will teach

teach thee thine errour, and cleare thee of thy doubt.

Would any these thinkest thou haue been so religious, as to haue stolen the body and left the clothes? yea would he haue bene so venturous, as to haue staied the vnsuowding of the corse, the well ordering of the sheets, and folding vp the napkins? Thou knowest that mirrhe maketh linnen cleane as fast, as pitch or glue: and was a these at so much leisure, as to dissolue the mirrhe and vncloath the dead? What did the watch while the seales were broken, the Tombe opened, the body vnfolded, al other things ordered as now thou seest? And if all this cannot yet perswade thee, beleue at the least thy own experience? When thy maister was stripped at the crosse, thou knowest that his onely garment being congealed to his goary backe, came not off without many partes of his skinne, and doubtlesse would haue tozne off many moze, if it had been an-
noin

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nointed with mirrhe: Look then into the shete, whether there remaine any parcell of skinne, or any one haire of his head: and sith there is none to be found, beleue some better issue of thy maisters absence, then thy feare suggesteth. A guilty conscience doubteth want of time, and therfore dispatcheth hastily. It is in hazard to be discovered, and therfore practiseth in darkenes and secrecie. It euer worketh in extream feare, and therfore hath no leisure to place things orderly. But to vnwzappe so mangled a body, out of mirrhed clothes, without tearing of any skinne, or leauing on any mirrhe, is a thing either to man impossible, or not possible to be done with such speed, without light or help, and with so good order. Assure thy selfe therfore, that if either of malice, or by fraud, the coyle had been remoued, the linnen & mirrhe should neuer haue bene left, and neither could the Angels looke so chearfully, nor the cloths lie so orderly, but so
impost

impozt som happier accident, then thou conceiuest.

But to free thee more from feare, consider those wordes of the Angelles, Woman why weepest thou? For what doe they signify but as much in effecte as if they had said: Where Angels reioyce it agreeth not that a womā shold weape, and where heauenly eies are witnesses of ioy, no mortall eye should controll them with testimonies of sorrow: With more then a manly corage thou diddest befoze thy comming, arme thy fete to runne among swords, thy armes to remoue huge loads, thy body to endure al tirants rage, and thy soul to be sundzed with violent tortures: and art thou now so much a Woman that thou canst not command thy eies to forbear teares? If thou wert a true Disciple, so many pꝛofes would perswade thee, but now thy incredulous humoꝝ, maketh thee vnwoꝝthy of that stile, and we can affoꝝde thee no better title then a Woman, and therefore O

C

Woman

Mary Magdalens

Woman and so much a Woman, why
wæpest thou?

If there were here any corse, wee
might thinke that sorrow for the dead
enforced thy teares, but now that thou
findest it a place of the living, why dost
thou here stand weeping for the dead?

Is our presence so discomfortable,
that thou shouldest weep to behold vs?
or is it the course of thy kindnesse with
teares to entertaine vs? If they bee
tears of loue to testify thy good will, as
thy loue is acknowledged, so let these
signes be suppressed. If they be teares
of anger to denounce thy displeasure,
they should not here haue bene shedde
where all anger was buried but none
deserued. If they be teares of sorrow
and duties to the dead, they are bestowed
in vaine where the dead is requi-
ued. If they be teares of ioy, stilled
from the flowers of thy good Fortune,
fewer of these would suffice, and fitter
were other tokens to expresse thy con-
tentment. And therefore O VWoman
why

why doest thou weepe? Would our
eyes be so dry, if such eye streams were
behoouefull? Yea would not the hea-
uens rain tears if thy supposalls were
truths? Did not Angels alwaies in
their visible semblaunces, represent
their lords inuisible pleasure, shadow-
ing in their shapes the drift of his in-
tentions? When God was incensed
they brandished swords: When hee
was appeased, they sheathed them in
scabbards: When hee would defend,
they resembled souldiers, when hee
would terrify they took terrible forms,
and when he would comfort, they car-
ried mirth in their eyes, sweetenes in
their countenance, mildenes in their
wordes, fauour, grace and comlinesse
in their whole presence. Why the dost
thou weepe, seeing vs to reioyce? Dost
thou imagin vs to degenerate from
our nature, or to forget any duty,
whose state is neither subiect to chāge,
nor capable of the least offence? Art
thou more seruent in thy loue, or more

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pziuy to the counsaile of our eternall
God, then we that are daily attendāts
at his thzone of glozy? **O** Woman
deeme not amisse against so apparaunt
evidence, and at our request exchange
thy sorow for our ioy.

But **O** glorious Angels, why doe
yē moue her to ioy, if you know why
shē wēpeth? Alas shē wēpeth for
the losse of him without whom all ioy
is to her but matter of new griefe.
While hē liued, euery place where
shē found him, was to her a Paradise:
euery season wherin he was enioyned,
a perpetuall spring: euery exercise
wherein he was serued a speciall fel-
city: the ground whercon hē went
seemed to yelde her swēter footing:
the aire wherein hē bzeathed, becam
to her spirite of life, being once sanc-
tified in his sacred bzeft. In summe, his
pzeence brought with it a heauen of
delightes, and his departure seemed to
leauē an Eclipse in all things. And yet
euen the places that he had once hono-
red

red with the accessse of his person, were to her so many swæte pilgrimages, which in his absēce shēe vled, as chapels and altars, to offer by her prayers, feeling in them long after, the vertue of his former presence. And therefore to feed her with coniectures of his well-being, is but to strengthen her feare of his euill, and the alledging of likelyhoodes, by those that knowe the certainty, impoꝛteth the case to bee lamentable, that they are vntwilling it should bee known. Your obscure glancing at the truth, is no sufficient acquittance of her grieffe, neither can shēe out of these disioyned ghesles, spell the woꝛdes that must be the conclusion of her complaint. Tell her then directly what is becom of her loꝛd, if you mean to deliuer her out of these dumpes, with what else soeuer you say of him, doth but draw moze humoꝛs to her soꝛe, and rather anger it, then any way allwaige it.

Yet hearken O Mary, and consider
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their speeches. Thinke what aunswer thou wilt giue them, sith they presse thee with so strong perswasions. But I doubt that thy wittes are smothered with too thicke a miste, to admit these vnknown beams, of their pale light. Thou art so wholly inherited by the bloudy tragedy of thy slaughtred Lord, and his death and dead body haue gotten so absolute a conquest ouer all thy powers, that neither thy sence can discern, nor thy minde conceiue, any other obiect then his murdered corse.

Thy eies seeme to tel thee that euery thing inuiteth thee to weepe, carrying such outward shew, as though all that thou seest were attired in sorrow to solemnize with generall consent the funerall of thy Maister. Thy ears perswade thee, that all sounds and voices are tuned to mourning notes, and that the Echo of thy own wailings, is the cry of the very stones & trees, as though (the cause of thy teares being so vnusuall) God to the rocks and woods, had
inspi-

inspired a feeling of thine and their common losse. And therefore it soundeth to thee as a straunge question, to aske thee why thou weapest, with all that thou seest and hearest, seemeth to induce thee, yea to enforce thee to weepe.

If thou seest anie thing that beareth a cullour of myrth, it is vnto thee like the riche spoiles of a vanquished kingdome, in the eye of the captiue Prince, which put him in minde what he had, not what he hath, and are but vpbraidings of his losse, and whetstones of sharper sorrow. Whatsoeuer thou hearest, that moueth delight, it representeth the miste of thy maisters speeches, which as they were the onely harmonie that thy eares affected, so they being now stopped with a deathfull silence, all other words and times of comfort are to thee but an Israelites musicke vpon Babilon bancks, in memories of a lost felicitie, and proofes of a present unhappinesse. And though loue increased the conceits of thy losse

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which

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which endereth the meanest things,
and doubleth the estimate of things
that are pretious: yet thy faith teach-
ing thee, the infinite dignitie of thy
maister, and thy vnderstanding being
no dull scholler, to learne so wel liked
a lesson, it fell out to be the bitterest
part of thy miserie, that thou diddest so
wel know howe infinite the losse was
that made thee miserable.

This is the cause that those verie
angels in whome all things make re-
monstrance of triumph and solace, are
vnto thee occasions of new griefe. For
their gracious and louely countenan-
ces, remember thee, that thou hast lost
the beutie of the world, and the highest
marke of true lous ambition. Their
swæte lookes and amiable features tel
thee, that the heauen of thy eyes which
was the reuerend Maiestie of thy mai-
sters face, once shined with farre more
pleasing graces, but is now disfigured
with the dreadful formes of death. In
summe they were to thee, like the gli-
stering

stering sparkes of a broken Diamond,
and like pictures of dead and decayed
beauties, signes, not salues of thy ca-
lamitie, memoꝛials, not medicines of
thy misfoꝛtune.

Thy eies were so wel acquainted
with the trueth, to accept a supplie of
shadewes, and as comelinesse, comfort,
and glozie were neuer in anie other so
truely at home, and so perfittly in their
pꝛime, as in the person and speeches of
thy Lord : so cannot thy thoughtes but
be like strangers in anie foꝛraigne de-
lightes. Foꝛ in them all thou seest no
moze, but some scattered crummes,
and hungry moꝛsels of thy late plenti-
full banquets, and findest a dimme re-
flection of thy foꝛmer light, which like
a flash of lightning, in a close and stoꝛ-
my night, serueth thee, but to see thy
pꝛesent infelicitie, and the better to
know the hoꝛroꝛ of the insuing darke-
nesse.

Thou thinkest therefore thy selfe
blamelesse, both in weeping foꝛ thy
losse

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losse, and in refusing other comfozte
Yet in common courtesie affoord these
Angels an answer, sith their charitie
in visiting thee, deserueth much more,
and thou (if not too vngratefull) canst
allow them no lesse.

Alas (saith she) what needeth my an-
swere, where the miserie it selfe
speaketh, and the losse is manifest. My
eyes haue answered them with teares,
my brest with sighes, and my heart
with trouble, what need I also punish
my tounge, or wound my soule with a
newe rehearfall of so dolefull a mis-
chance. They haue taken away, O vn-
fortunate worde. They haue taken a-
way my Lord.

O afflicted woman, why thinkest
thou this word so vnforgunate? It may
be the Angels haue taken him more
solemnly to entombe him, and sith
earth hath done her last homage, hap-
pily the Quires of heauen are also de-
scended to defray vnto him, their fu-
nerall duties,

It may be that the Centurian and the rest, that did acknowledge him on the crosse to be the sonne of God, haue bene touched with remorse, and goaded with the pricke of conscience, and being desirous to satisfie for their heinous offence, haue nowe taken him, more honourably to interre him, and by their seruice, to his bodie sought forgiveness, and sued the pardon of their guiltie soules.

Peraduenture some secret Disciples, haue wrought this exploit, and maugre the watch taken him from hence, with due honour to preserve him in some fitter place: and therefore being yet vncertaine who hath him, there is no such cause to lament, sith the greater probabilities, march on the better side, why dost thou call sorrowe befoze it commeth, without which calling, it commeth on thee too fast: yea why dost thou create sorrow where it is not, sith thou hast true sorrowes inough, though imagined sorrowes

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rowes helpe not? It is follie to suppose the worst where the best may be hoped for, and euerie mishappe bringeth griefe enough with it, though wee with our friendes doe not goe first to meete it. Quiet then thy selfe, till time trie out the trueth, and it may be thy feare will proue greater then thy misfortune.

But I know thy loue is litle helped with this lesson: for the more it loueth the more it feareth: and the more desirous to enioy, the more doubtfull it is to lose. It neyther hath measure in hopes, nor meane in feares: hoping the best vpon the least surmises, and fearing the worst vpon the weakest grounds. And yet both fearing and hoping at one time, neither feare withholdeth hope from the highest attempts, nor hope can strengthen feare against the smallest suspitions: but maugre all feares, lones hopes will worke to the highest pitch, and maugre al hopes, lones feares will stoupe to the lowest

Downe

downcome. To bidde thee therefore hope, is not to forbid thee to feare, and though it may be for the best, that thy Lord is taken from thee, yet, sith it may also be for the worst, that wil neuer content thee.

Thou thinkest hope doth inough to keepe thy heart from breaking, & feare little enough to force thee to weeping, sith it is as likely that he hath been taken away vpon hatred by his enemies, as vpon loue by his friendes.

For hitherto (saiest thou) his friends haue all failed him, and his foes preuailed against him, & as they y would not defend him aliuie, are lesse likely to regard him dead, so they that thought one life too litle to take from him, are not vnlikely after death to weake new rage vpon him.

And though this doubt were not, yet whosoever hath taken him, hath wronged me, in not acquainting me with it: for to take away mine, without my consent, can neither be offered
with-

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without iniurie, nor suffered without
sorrow. And as for Iesus he was my
Iesus, my Lord, and my maister. Hee
was mine because he was giuen vnto
me, and bozne for me : he was the au-
thor of my being, and so my father, hee
was the worker of my wel doing, and
therefore my Saviour, hee was the
price of my ransome, and thereby my
redemer : Hee was my Lord to com-
mand me, my maister to instruct mee,
my pastor to feede mee. He was mine
because his loue was mine, and when
he gaue me his loue, hee gaue me him-
selfe, sith loue is no gift except the gi-
uer be giuen with it, yea it is no loue,
vlesse it be as liberall of that it is, as
of that it hath. Finally, if the meat bee
mine that I eate, the life mine where-
with I liue, or he mine, all, whose life
labours and death were mine, then
dare I boldly say that Iesus is mine,
sith on his bodie I feede, by his loue I
liue, and to my good without any neede
of his owne, hath hee liued, laboured,
and

and died. And therefore though his Disciples, though the Centurion, yea though the Angels haue taken him, they haue done me wrong, in defeating mee of my right, (sith I neuer meane to resigne my interest.

But what if he hath takē a way himself, wilt thou also lay vniustice to his charge? Though he be thine, yet thine to command, not to obey, thy Lord to dispose of thee, and not to be by thee disposed: and therefore as it is no reason, that the seruant should be maister of his maisters secretes, so might hee, and peraduenture so hath he. remoued without acquainting thee whether reuiuing himselfe with the same power, with which he raised thy dead brother, and fulfilling the wordes, that he often vttered of his resurrection.

It may be thou wilt say, that a gift once giuen, cannot bee reuoked, and therefore though it were befoze in his choise, not to giue himselfe vnto thee, yet the deede of gift being once made,
he

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he cannot be taken from thee, neyther can the doner dispose of his gift without the possessors priuities. And sith this is a rule in the lawe of nature, thou maiest imagine it a breach of equitie, and an impeachment of thy right to conuey himselfe away without thy consent.

But to this I will aunswere thee with thine owne ground. For if he be thine by being giuen thee once, thou art his by as many gifts, as daies, and therefore hee being absolute owner of thee, is likewise full owner of whatsoeuer is thine, and consequently because he is thine, hee is also his owne, and so nothing liable vnto thee, for taking himselfe from thee.

Yea but he is my Lord (saiest thou) and in this respect, bound to keepe me, at the least bound not to kill me: and sith killing is nothing but a seuering of life from the body, he being the chiefe life both of my soule and body, cannot possibly go from me, but he must with
a double

a double death kill me. And therefore
he being my Lord, and bound to pro-
tect his servant, it is against all lawes
that I should be thus forsaken.

But O cruel tongue, why pleadest
thou thus against him, whose case I
feare me is so pitifull, y it might rather
moue all tongues to plead for him, be-
ing peraduenture in their hands, whose
vnnmercifull hearts, make themselves
merrie with his miserie, and build the
triumphes of their impious victorie,
vpon the dolefull ruines of his disgra-
ced glozie. And now (O grieve) because
I know not where he is, I cannot ima-
gine how to helpe, for they haue taken
him away. and I knowe not where
they haue put him.

Alas Mary why dost thou consume
thy selfe with these cares? His father
knoweth and hee will helpe him. The
Angels know and they wil gard him.
His own soule knoweth and that will
assist him. And what neede then is there
that thou seely woman shouldst know
it,

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it, that canst no way profite him? But
I feele in what vain thy pulse beateth,
and by thy desire I discouer thy di-
sease. Though both heauen and earth
did know it, and the whole world had
notice of it, yet except thou also wert
made priuy vnto it, thy woes would be
as great, & thy teares as many. What
others see thy Sunne, doth not lighten
thy darkenesse, neither can others ea-
ting satisfie thy hunger. The more
there be that know of him, the greater
is thy sorrow, that among so many
thou art not thought worthy to be one.
And the more there bee that may help
him, the more it græueth thee that thy
poore helpe is not accepted among
them. Though thy knowledge needeth
not, thy loue doth desire it, and though
it auaille not, thy desire will seeke it.
If all know it thou wouldest know it
with all: if no other, thou wouldest
know it alone, and from whom soeuer
it be concealed, it must be no secret to
thee. Though the knowledge would
discom-

discomfort thee, yet know it thou wilt,
yea though it would kill thee, thou
couldst not forbeare it.

Thy Lord to thy loue is like Drinke
to the thirsty, which if they cannot
haue, they die for Drought, and being
long without it, they pine away with
longing. And as men in extremity of
thirst are still dreaming of fountaines,
brookes, and springs, being neuer a-
ble to haue other thought, or to utter
other word but of Drinke and moisture:
so louers in the vehemency of their
passion, can neither thinke nor speake
but of that they loue, and if that be
once missing, euery part is both an eye
to watch, and an eare to listen, what
hope or newes may be had of it. If it
be good they die till they hear it, though
bad yet they cannot liue without it. Of
the good they hope that it is the very
best, and of the euill they feare it to be
the worst, and yet though neuer so good
they pine till it be told, and be it neuer
so euil, they are importunate to know

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it. And when they once know it, they can neither beare the ioy, nor bꝛok the sorow, but as well the one as the other is inough to kill them.

And this **M**ary I ghesse to be the cause why the Angels would not tell thee thy Lords estate. For if it had been to thy liking, thou wouldest haue died for ioy, if otherwise thou wouldest haue suncke downe for sorow. And therefore they leaue this newes for him to deliuer, whose word if it giue thee a wound, is also a salve to cure it, though neuer so deadly.

But alas afflicted soule, why doth it so deeply grieue thee, that thou knowest not where he is? Thou canst not better him if he be well, thou canst as little succour him if he be ill: and sith thou fearest that he is rather ill then well, why wouldest thou knowe it, so to end thy hopes in mishappe, and thy great feares in farre greater sorows. Alas to aske thee why, is in a manner to aske one halfe starued why he is hungry.

hungry. For as thy Lord is the fode of thy thoughts, the relief of thy wishes, the onely repast of all thy desires: so is thy loue a continuall hunger, and his absence vnto thee an extream famine. And therefore no maruail though thou art so grædy to heare, yea to deuour any be it neuer so bitter notice of him, sith thy hūger is most violent, and nothing but he able to content it. And albeit the hearing of his harmes, should work the same in thy minde, that vnwholesome meat, worketh in a sicke stomacke: yet if it once concerne him that thou louest, thy hungry loue could not temper it selfe from it, though after with many wzinging gripes, it did a long and vnpleasaunt penance.

But why doth thy sorrow quest so much vpon the place where hee is? were it not inough for thee to knowe who had him, but that thou must also know in what place he is bestowed? A worse place then a graue no man will offer, and many farre better titles wil

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alloe: and therefore thou maist boldly thinke, that where so euer he be, he is in a place fitter for him then where he was.

Thy sister Martha confessed him to be the Sonne of God, and with her confession agreed thy belief. And what place more conuenient for the Sonne, then to be with his Father, the businesse for which he hath bene so long from him, being now fully finished?

If he be the Messias as thou diddest once believe, it was said of him, That he should ascend on high and leade our captivity captiue. And what is this height, but heauen, what our captivity but death? Death therefore is become his captiue, and it is like that with the spoiles thereof, he is ascended in triumphe to eternall life.

But if thou canst not lift thy mind to so fauourable a belief, yet maist thou very well suppose that he is in Paradise. For if he came to repaire Adams ruines, and to be the common
parent

parent of our redemption, as Adam was of our originall infection: reason seemeth to require, that hauing endured al his life the penalty of Adams exile, he should after death reenter possession of that inheritance which Adam lost: that the same place that was the nest, where sinne was first hatched, may be now the child-bed of grace and mercy. And if sorrow at the crosse did not make thee as deafe, as at the tomb it maketh thee forgetfull, thou diddest in confirmation hereof heare him selfe say to one of the theeues, that the same day he should be with him in Paradise. And if it bee reason that no shadow should be more priuiledged then the body, no figure in more account then the figured truth, why shouldest thou beleue, that Elias and Enoch haue bin in Paradise these many ages, and that he whom they but as types resembled, should be excluded from thence? He excelled them in life, he surpassed them in miracles, he was farre beyond them

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in dignity: Why then should not his place be farre aboue, or at the least equall with theirs, sith their prerogatiues were so farre inferiour vnto his?

And yet if the basenesse and misery of his passion, haue laid him so low in thy conceite, that thou thinkest Paradise too high a place to be likely to haue him: the very lowest roome that anye reason can assigne him, can not bee meaner then the bosome of Abraham: and sith God in his life did so often acknowledge him for his Sonne, it seemeth the slenderest preheminence, that he can giue him aboue other men, that being his holy one, hee should not in his body see corruption, but be free among the dead, reposing both in body and soule, where other Saints are in soule onely. Let not therefore the place where he is trouble thee, sith it cannot be worse then his graue, and infinite coniectures make probability, that it cannot but be better.

But suppose that he were yet remaining

maining in earth, and taken by others out of his tombe, what would it auail thee to know where he were? If he bee with such as loue and honoꝝ him, they will be as wary to keepe him, as they are loth he should be lost: and therfoze will either often change, or neuer confesse the place, knowing secrecie to be the surest locke to defende so great a treasure. If those haue taken him, that malice and maligne him, thou maist wel iudge him past thy recovery, whe he is once in the possession of so cruell owners.

Thou wouldest happely make sale of thy liuing, and seek him by ransome. But it is not likely they woulde sell him to be honoured that bought him to be murdered.

If pꝛice would not serue, thou wouldest fall to pꝛaier. But how can pꝛaier soften such flint hearts? and if they scoꝛned so many tears offered foꝝ his life, as little will they regard thy intreaty foꝝ his coꝛse.

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If neither price nor praise would
prenaile, thou wouldest attempt it by
force. But alas feely souldier thy arms
are too weak to manage weapons, and
the issue of thy assault, would be thy
losse of thy selfe.

If no other way would helpe, thou
wouldest purloine him by stealth, and
thinke thy selfe happy in contriuing
such a theft. O Mary thou art deceined,
for malice will haue many lockes, and
to steale him from a thiefe, that could
steale him from the watch, requireth
more cunning in the art, then thy wat
of practise can afforde thee.

Yet if these be the causes that thou
enquirest of the place, thou shewest the
force of thy rare affection, and deser-
uest the Laurell of a perfect louer.

But to feele more of their sweetnes,
I will pound these spices, and dwell a
while in the peruse of thy resolute fer-
mour.

And first, can thy loue enrich thee
when thy goods are gone, or dead corse
repay

repay the value of thy ransome? Because he had neither bed to be bozne in, nor graue to be buried in: wilt thou therefore rather be poore with him, then rich without him.

Againe, if thou hadst to sue to some cruell Scribe or Pharisee, that is to a heart boyling in ranco, with a heart burning in loue, for a thing of him above all things detested, of thee above all things desired: as his enemy to whom thou suelt, and his friend for whom thou intreatest: canst thou think it possible, for this sute to speed? Could thy loue repaire thee from his rage, or such a tyrant stoupe to a womans teares?

Thirdly, if thy Lord might be recovered by violence, art thou so armed in complete loue, that thou thinkest it sufficient harnesse? or doth thy loue indue thee with such a Iudithes spirit, or lend thee such Sampsons lockes, that thou canst breake open huge gates, or foyle whole armies? Is thy loue so
sure

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sure a shield, that no blowe can breake it, or so sharpe a dint, that no force can withstand it? Can it thus alter sexe, change nature, and exceed all Arte?

But of all other courses wouldest thou adventure a theft to obtaine thy desire. A good deede must be well done, and a worke of mercie without breach of iustice. It were a sinne to steale a prophane treasure, but to steale an anointed prophet can be no lesse then a sacriledge. And what greater staine to thy Lord, to his doctrine, and to thy selfe, then to see thee his Disciple, publikely executed for an open theft?

¶ Mary vnlesse thy loue haue better warrant then common sence, I can hardly see how such designementes can be approued.

Approued (saith shee) I would to God the execution were as easie as the proofe, and I should not so long bewaile my vnfortunate losse.

To others it seemeth ill to prefer loue before riches, but to loue it seemeth worse

worse to preferre any thing befoze it
selfe. Cloath him with plates of siluer,
that shinereth for cold, or fill his purse
with treasure, that pineth for hunger,
and see whether the plates will warm
him, or the treasure feed him. No no,
he will giue all his plates for a wollen
garment, and all his mony for a meales
meate. Euerie supply fitteth not with
euery need, and the loue of so swete a
Lord hath no correspondēce in world-
ly wealth. Without him I were poore,
though Empresse of the worlde. With
him I were riche, though I had no-
thing else. They that haue moste are
accounted richest, and they thought to
haue moste, that haue all they desire:
and therfore as in him alone is the vt-
termost of my desires, so hee alone is
the summe of all my substance. It
were too happie an exchaunge, to haue
God for goodes, and too rich a pouerty,
to inioy the only treasure of the world.
If I were so fortunate a begger, I
woulde disdain Solomons wealth,
and

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and my loue being so highly enriched,
my life shoulde neuer complaine of
want.

And if all I am worth would not
reach to his rancome, what should hin-
der me to seek him by intreaty? Though
I were to sue to the greatest tyrant,
yet the equitie of my sute is more then
halfe a grant. If many droppes soften
the hardest stones, why shoulde not
many teares supple the moste stonie
heartes? what anger so fiery that may
not be quenched with eye water, with a
weeping suppliant, rebateth the edge
of more then a Lions fury?

My sute it selfe would sue for me,
and so dolefull a case would quicken
pitie in the moste iron heartes. But
suppose that by touching a ranckled
soze, my touch should anger it, and my
petition at the first incense him that
heard it: he would percase reuile mee
in wordes, and then his owne iniurie
would recoyle with remorse, and be
vnto me a patron to proceed in my re-
quest

quest. And if he should accompanie his wordes with blowes, and his blowes with woundes, it may be my stripes would smart in his guilty minde, and his conscience blæde in my blæding wounds, and my innocent blood so tender his adamant heart, that his owne inward feelings would plead my cause, and peradventure obtayne my lute.

But if through extremity of spite, he should happen to kill me, his offence might easely redound to my felicity. For he would be as carefull to hide whom he had vniustly murdered, as him whom he had felonously stolen, and so it is like, that he would hide me in the same place wher he had layd my Lord, and as he hated vs both for one cause, him for challenging, and me for acknowledging that he was the Messiah: so would he vse vs both after one manner. And thus what comfort my body wanted, my soule should enioy, in seeing a part of my selfe partner

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ner of my Maisters miserie: with
whome to be miserable, I reckon a
higher fortune, then without him to be
most happy.

And if no other means would serue
to recouer him but force: I see no rea-
son why it might not very well be-
come me: None will bar me frō defen-
ding my life, which the least woꝛme in
the right of nature hath leaue to pre-
serue. And sith he is to me so deare a
life that without him, all life is death,
nature authoꝛiseth my feeble forces to
imploy their vttermoſt in ſo neceſſary
an attempt. Neceſſity addeth ability, &
loue doubleth neceſſity, and it often
happeneth that nature armed with
loue, and preſſed with neede, excēdeth
it ſelfe in might and ſurmounteth all
hope in ſucceſſe. And as the equity of
the cauſe, doth breathe courage into the
defendoꝛs, making them the moꝛe
willing to fight, & the leſſe vnwilling
to die: ſo guilty conſciences are euer
timorous, ſtill ſtarting with ſodaine
frights,

frights, and afrayd of their own suspitions, ready to yeld befoze the assault, vppon distrust of their cause, and dispaire of their defence. With therfore to rescue an innocent, to recouer a right, and to redzesse so deep a wrong, is so iust a quarrell, nature will enable me, loue encourage me, grace confirme me, and the iudge of all iustice fight in my behalfe.

And if it seeme vnfitting to my sere in talke, much moze in practise to deal with martiall affaires: yet when such a cause happeneth, as neuer had patterne, such effects must follow as are without example. There was neuer any body of a God but one, neuer such a body stollen but now, neuer such a stealth vnreuenged but this. With therfore the Angels neglect it, & men forget it, O Iudith lend me thy prowesse for I am bound to regard it.

But suppose that my force were vnable to wiane him by an open enterprize, what scruple should keepe me
G from

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from seeking him by secret means: yea
and by plain stealth It wilbe thought
a sinne, and condemned for a theft. O
swæte sinne why was not I the first
that did commit thee? Why did I suf-
fer any other sinner to pzeuent me: for
stealing from God his honour I was
called a sinner, and vnder that title
was spzed my infamy. But for stea-
ling God from a false owner, I was
not woꝛthy to be called a sinner, be-
cause it had beene too high a gloꝛy. If
this be so great a sinne, and so heinous
a theft, let others make choise of what
titles they will: but for my part, I
would refuse to be an Angel, I would
not wishe to be a Saint, I would ne-
uer be esteemed either iust or true, and
I shoulde be best contented if I might
both liue and die such a sinner, and be
condemned for such a theft. When I
heard my Lord make so comfortable a
promise to the theefe vppon the crosse,
that he shoulde that day be with him in
Paradise, I had halfe an enuy at that
theses

thées good Fortune, and wished my selfe in the thées place, so I might hane enioyed the fruite of his promise. But if I could be so happy a thée, as to commit this theft, if that wish had taken effect, I would now vnwishe it againe, and scozne to be any other thée then my self, sith my bovy could make me happier, then any other thées felicity. And what though my felony should be called in question, in what respect should I néede to feare? They would say that I loued him too well. But that were soone disproued, sith where the worthinesse is infinite, no loue can be inough. They would obiect that I stole an others goods: and as for that many sure titles of my interest would auerre him to be mine, and his dead corse would rather speak then witnesses should faile to depose so certaine a truth. And if I had not a speciall right vnto him, what shuld moue me to venture my life for him? No no, if I were so happy a felone, I shoulde

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fear no tempoꝛal araignmēt. I should rather feare that the Angels woulde cite me to my aunswere, for pꝛeuenting them in the theft, sith not the highest Seraphin in heauē, but would dāme it a higher stile, then his owne, to be the theefe that had comitted so gloꝛious a robbery.

But alas thus stand I deuising what I would do, if I knew any thing of him, and in the meane time I neither know who hath him, noꝛ where they haue bestowed him, and stil I am forced to dwell in this aunswere, that They haue taken away my Lord, and I know not wher they haue put him.

While Marie thus lost her selfe in a Laberinth of doubtēs, watering her woꝛdes with teares, and warming them with sighes, seeing the Angels with a kind of reuerēce rise, as though they had done honour to one behinde her: She turned backe, and she saw Iesus standing, but that it was Iesus she knewe not.

¶ Marie is it possible that thou hast forgotten Jesus? faith hath written him in thy vnderstanding, lone in thy will, both feare and hope in thy memorie: and how can all these registers be so cancelled, that so plainly seeing, thou shouldest not know the contentes. For him onely thou tyrest thy kete, thou bendest thy knees, thou wringest thy handes. For him thy heart throbberh, thy brest sigheth, thy tongue complaineth. For him thy eye weepeth, thy thought sorroweth, thy whole body fainteth, and thy soule languisheth. In summe, there is no part in thee, but is busie about him, & notwithstanding all this, hast thou nowe forgotten him? His countenance auoucheth it, his voyce assureth it, his woundes witnesse it, thy owne eyes beholde it, and doest thou not yet beleue that this is Jesus? Are thy sharp seeing eyes become so weake sighted, that they are dazeled with the sunne, and blinded with the light?

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But there is such a showze of teares
betwene thee and him, and thy eyes
are so dimmed with weeping for him,
that though thou seest the shape of a
man, yet thou canst not discern him.
Thy eares also are still so possessed
with the dolefull Eccho of his last spee-
ches, which want of breath, made
him utter in a dying voyce, that the
force & loudnesse of his living wordes,
maketh thee imagine it the voice of a
stranger: and therefore as hee seemeth
vnto thee so like a stranger, hee asketh
this question of thee, O woman why
weepest thou, whom seekest thou?

O desire of heart, and onely ioy of
her soule, why demandest thou why
thee weepeth, or for whome she seeketh?
But a while since she saw thee hir only
hope hanging on a tree, with thy head
full of thornes, thy eies full of teares,
thy eares full of blasphemies, thy
mouth full of gall, thy whole person
mangled and disfigured, and doest thou
aske her why she weepeth? Scarce
thee

thre daies passed, she beheld thy arms
and legs, racked with violent pulles,
thy hands and feet boared with nails,
thy side wounded with a speare, thy
whole body tozned with stripes and
goared in bloud, and doest thou hir on-
ly grieve aske hir why she weepeth?
She beheld thee vpon the crosse with
many teares, & most lamenfable cries,
yeelding vp her ghost, that is thy own
ghost, & alas askedst thou why she wee-
peth? And now to make vp hir misere,
hauing but one hope aliue, which was,
that for a small reliefe of her other af-
flictions, she might haue annointed thy
body, that hope is also dead, since thy
body is remoued, and shee nowe stan-
deth hopelesse of all helpe, and deman-
dest thou why she weepeth, and for
whome she seeketh? Full well thou
knowest, that she onely thee desireth,
thee onely she loueth, all things besides
thee she contemneeth, and canst thou find
in thy heart to aske hir whom she seek-
eth? To what end, O sweet Lord, doest

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thou thus suspend hir longinges , prolong hir desires , and martir hir with these tedious delaies? Thou onely art the soztresse of hir faint faith , the anker of her wauering hope , the very center of her vehement loue : to thee she trusteth, vpon thee she relieth, and of her selfe she wholly dispaireth. She is so earnest in seeking thee , that thee can neither seeke nor thinke any other thing : and all her wittes are so busied in musing vpon thee, that they draw all attention from her senses, wherewith they should discerne thee. Being therfoze so attentine to that she thinketh, what maruell though shee marke not whome shee seeth, and sith thou hast so perfect notice of her thought, and she so litle power to discouer thee by sense, why demandest thou for whome shee seeketh , or why shee weepeth? Doest thou loke that she should answer, for thee I seeke, or for thee I weep? vnlesse thou wilt vnbind her thoughtes, that her eyes may fully see thee , or while thou

thou wilt be concealed, doest thou expect y she should be able to know thee?

But O Mary, not without cause doth he aske thee this question. Thou wouldest haue him alieue, and yett thou weepst because thou doest not finde him dead. Thou art sozie that hee is not here, and for this verie cause thou shouldst rather be glad. For if he were dead, it is moste likely hee should bee here, but not being here, it is a signe that hee is alieue. Hee reioyceth to be out of his graue, and thou weepst because hee is not in it. Hee will not lie any where, and thou sorrowest for not knowing where he lieth. Alas why betrayest thou his glozie, as an iniurie: the reuiuing of his bodie as the robberie of his coorse? Hee being alieue, for what dead man mournest thou, and he being present, whose absence doest thou lament? But shee taking him to be a Gardiner, said vnto him, O Lord if thou hast carried him from hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and
I wil

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I will take him away.

¶ Wonderfull effectes of Maries loue, if loue be a languoz howe liueth she by it? If loue be her life, how dieth shee in it? if it bereued her of sence, how did she see y^e Angels? if it quickned her sence, why knewe shee not Iesus? doest thou seeke for one, whome when thou hast found thou knowest not, or if thou doest know him when thou findest him, why doest thou seeke when thou hast him?

Behold Iesus is come, and the partie whom thou seekest, is he that talketh with thee. ¶ Mary call vp thy wittes, and open thine eyes. Hath thy Lord liued so long, laboured so much, dyed with such paine, and shedde such showres of bloud to come to no higher preferment then to bee a Cardiner? And hast thou bestowed suche cost, so much sorrow, and so many teares, for no better man then a silly Cardiner? Alas is this soarie Garden the best inheritance, that thy loue can affoord him,

or a Gardiners office the highest dignitie that thou wilt allow him? It had bin better he had liued to be a Lord of thy castle, then with his death so dearly to haue bought so small a purchase.

But thy mistaking hath in it a farther mystery. Thou thinkest not a misse though thy sight bee deceiued. For as our first father, in the state of grace & innocency, was placed in the garden of pleasure, & the first office allotted him, was to be a Gardener: so the first man that euer was in glozie, appeareth first in a Garden, and presenteth himselfe in a gardeners likenes, that the beginnings of glozy, might resemble the entrance of innocencie and grace. And as a Gardener was the foyle of mankind, the parent of sinne, and authoꝝ of death: so is this Gardiner, the raysoꝝ of our ruines, the ransome of our offences, and the restorer of life. In a Garden Adam was deceiued, and taken captiue by the diuell. In a Garden Christ was betraied and taken prisoner by
the

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the Iewes. In a Garden Adam was condemned to earn his bread with the sweate of his browes. And after a free gift of the bread of Angels in the last supper in a Garden Christ, did earne it vs with a bloudy sweat of his whole body. By disobedient eating the fruite of a tree, our right to that Garden was by Adam forfeited, and by the obedient death of Christ vpon a tree, a farre better right is now recovered. When Adam had sinned in the garden of pleasure, hee was there apparelled in dead beastes skinner, that his garment might betoken his graue, and his liuerie of death agree with his condemnation to die. And now to defray the debt of that sin, in this garden Christ lay clad in the dead mans shroud, and buried in his Tombe, that as our harmes began so they might ende, and such places and meanes as were the premises to our miserie, might be also the conclusions of our misfortune. For this did Christ in the canticles, inuite vs

vs to a heavenly banquet, after hee was come into this garden, and had reaped his myrrh, and his spices, to forewarne vs of the ioy, that after this haruest should presently insue, namely when hauing sowed in this garden, a body, the mortalitie whereof was signified by those spices, he now reaped the same, neither capeable of death, nor subiect to corruption. For this also was Mary permitted to mistake, that we might be informed of the mystery, and see how aptly the course of our redemption did answer the processe of our condemnation.

But though he be the gardiner that hath planted the Tree of grace, and restored vs to the vse and eating of the fruites of life. Though it be he that soweth his gifts in our souls, quickning in vs the seedes of vertue, & rooting out of vs the weedes of sinne: Yet is he neuerthelesse the same Jesus he was, & the borrowed presence of a meane laborer, neither althreth his persō, nor diminished.

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miniseth his right to his diuine titles.

Why then canst thou not as well see what in trueth he is, as what in shew he seemeth, but because thou seest more then thou diddest beleue, & findest more then thy faith serued thee to seeke: and for this though thy loue was woorthy to see him, yet thy faith was vnwoorthy to know him. Thou diddest seeke for him as dead, and therfore dost not know him, seing him alieue, and because thou beleuest not of him, as hee is, thou dost onely see him as he seemeth to be.

I cannot say thou art faultlesse, sith thou art so lame in thy beliefe: but thy fault deserueth fauor, because thy charity is so great, and therfore O mercifull Iesu, giue me leaue to excuse whom thou art minded to forgive.

Shee thought to haue found thee, as thee left thee, & shee sought thee as thee did last see thee, being so ouercom with sorrow for thy death, that shee had neither come nor respite in her mind, for
anie

any hope of thy life, and being so deeply interred in the griefe of thy buriall, that shee could not raise her thoughtes to any conceite of thy resurrection.

For in the graue where Ioseph buried thy body, Mary together with it entombed her soule, and so straightly combined it with thy coyle, that shee could with moze ease sunder her soule from her owne bodie that liueth by it, then from thy dead bodie, with which her loue did bury it: for it is moze thing and in thee, then her owne or in herselfe: and therefore, in seeking thy bodie, she seeketh her owne soule, as with the losse of the one, shee also lost the other. What maruaile then though sense faile, when the soule is lost, sith the lanterne must needs be dark when the light is out?

Restoze vnto her therefore her soul that lieth imprisoned in thy body, and shee will sone, both recouer her sense, and discouer her errour. For alas it is no errour, that proceedeth of any will
to

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to erre, and it riseth as much of be-
hemeny of affection, as of default in
faith. Regard not yerroz of a woman
but the loue of a disciple, which suppli-
eth in it self what in faith it wanteth.

¶ Lord (saith she) If thou hast car-
ried him hence, tell me where thou
hast laid him, & I will take him away.

¶ How learned is her ignozaunce,
and how skilful her errour? Shee char-
ged not the Angels with thy remo-
uing, noz seemed to mistrust them for
carryng thee away, as though her loue
had taught her that their helpe was
needlesse where the thing remoued
was remouer of it selfe. Shee did not
request them to enfourme her where
thou wert laide, as if shee had re-
serued that question for thy selfe to an-
swere. But now shee iudgeth thee so
likely to be the authoz of her losse, that
halfe supposing thee guilty, shee sueth a
recouery, and desireth thee to tell her
wher the body is, as almost fully per-
swaded that thou art as prying to the
place,

place, as well acquainted with the action. So that if shee be not altogether right, shee is not very much wrong, & shee erreth with such aime, that shee little misseth the truth. Tell her therefore O Lord what thou hast done with thy selfe, sith it is fittest for thy owne speech to utter, that which was onely possible for thy owne power to performe.

But O Mary since thou art so desirous to know wher thy Iesus is, why dost thou not name him, When thou askest for him? Thou saidst to the Angels that they had taken away thy Lord, and now the second time, thou askest for this him. Are thy thoughtes so visible, as at thy onely presence to be seene, or so generall, that they possesse all when they are once in thee? When thou speakest of him, what him dost thou meane, or how can a stranger vnderstand thee when thou talkest of thy Lord? Hath the worlde no other Lords but thine? or is the demanding
by
by

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by no other name but (him) a sufficient notice for whom thou demandest.

But such is the nature of thy loue, thou iudgeth that no other should be intitled a Lord, sith the whole worlde is too litle for thy Lordes possession, and that those few creatures that are, cannot chule but knowe him, sith all the creatures of the world are to serue him. And as his worthies can appay all loues, and his only loue content all heartes, so thou deemest hym to be so well worthy to bee owner of all thoughtes, that no thought in thy conceite, can be well bestowed vppon anie other.

Yet thy speeches seeme more sūdaine then sound, and more peremptorie, then well pondered. Why dost thou say so resolutely without anie further circumstance, that if this gardiner haue taken him, thou wilt take him from him. If he had him by right in taking him away thou shouldest do him wrong. If thou supposest hee
wrong.

wrongfully took him, thou laiest theſt to his charge, and howſoeuer it be thou either condemneſt thyſelfe for an vſurper, or him for a theefe And is this an effect of thy zelous loue, ſit it to a baſe him from a God to a Gardiner, and now to degrade him from a Gardiner to a theefe?

Thou ſhouldeſt alſo haue conſidered whether he tooke him vpon loue or malice. If it were for loue, thou maiest aſſure thy ſelfe that he wil be as wary to keepe, as hee was ventrous to get him, and therefore thy pollicie was weake in ſaying; thou wouldeſt take him away, befoze thou kneweſt where he was, ſith none is ſo ſimple to betray their treaſure to a known theefe. If he tooke him of malice, thy offer to recouer him; is an open defiance, ſith malice is as obſtinate in defending, as violent in offering wrong, and he that woulde be cruell againſt thy maiſters dead body, is likely to be moze furious againſt his liuing diſciple.

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But thy loue had no leysure to cast so many doubts. Thy teares were interpreters of thy words, and thy innocent meaning was witten in thy dolefull countenance. Thy eyes were rather pleaders for pity, then Heralds of wrath, and thy whole person presented such a paterne of thy extreame anguish, that no man from thy presence could take in anie other impression. And therefore what thy words wanted, thy action supplied, and what his eare might mistake, his eye did understand.

It may be also that hee wrought in thy heart, that was concealed from thy sight, and happily his voyce, and demeanour did import such compassion of thy case, that hee seemed as willing to affoord, as thou desirous to haue his helpe. And so presuming by his behaviour, that thy sute should not suffer repulse, the tenour of thy request doth but argue thy hope of a grant.

But what is the reason, that in all
thy

thy speeches, which since the misse of
thy maister, thou hast vttered (where
they haue put him) is alwaies apart?
So thou saydst to the Apostles, the
same to the Angels, and nowe thou
doest repeat it to this supposed gardi-
ner: verie swete must this word be in
thy hart, that is so often in thy mouth,
and it would neuer be so readie in thy
tongue, if it were not verie freshe in
thy memozie.

But what maruell though it tast so
swete, that was first seasoned in thy
maisters mouth, which as it was the
treasurie of trueth, the fountaine of
life, and the onely quire of the moste
perfect harmonie, so whatsoeuer it de-
liuered, thy eare deuoured, and thy
heart locked vp. And nowe that thou
wantest him selfe, thou hast no other
comfort, but his wordes, which thou
deemest so much the more effectuall to
perswade, in that they toke their force
from so heauenly a speaker. His swet-
nesse therefore it is, that maketh this

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word so sweet and so lone of him thou repeatest it so often, because hee in the like case said of thy brother, where haue you put him. How much doest thou affect his person that findest so sweete a feeling in his phrase? How much desirest thou to see his countenance, that with so great desire pronouncest his wordes? And howe willingly wouldest thou kisse his sacred feet, that so willingly vtterest his shortest speeches?

But what meanest thou to make so absolute a promise, and so boldly to say I will take him away? Ioseph was afraid, and durst not take downe his body from the crosse but by night, yea and then also not without Pilats warrant. But thou neyther statest till night, nor regardest Pilar, but stoutly promisest, that thou thy selfe wilt take him away. What if hee be in the Palace of the high Priest, and some such mayd as made Saint Peter denie his maister to beginne to question with thee,

thee, wilt thou the stand to these words
I wil take him away? Is thy courage
so high aboue thy kinde, strength so far
beyond thy sere, and thy loue so much
without measure, that thou neither
remembrest that al women are weak,
no2 that thou thy selfe art but a wo-
man? Thou exemptest no place,
thou preferrest no person, thou spea-
kest without feare, thou promisseth
without condition, thou makest no
exception: as though nothing were
impossible that thy loue suggesteth.
But as the darknesse could not fright
thee from setting forth befoze day, no2
the watch feare thee from comming to
the Tombe: as thou diddest resolue to
bzeake open the seales, though with
danger of thy life, and to remoue the
stone from the graues mouth, though
thy force could not serue thee: so what
maruell though thy loue being nowe
moze incensed with the fresh wound of
thy losse, it resolue vpon any, though
neuer so hard aduentures? Loue is not

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ruled with reason, but with loue. It neither regardeth what can be, nor what shall be done, but onely what it self desireth to doe. No difficultie can stay it, no impossibilitie appale it. Loue is title iust enough, and armour strong enough for all assaults, and it self a reward of all labours. It asketh no recompence, it respecteth no commodity. Loues fruits are loues effects, and the gaynes, the paynes. It considereth behoufe, more then benefite, and what in dutie it shoulde, not what in deede it can.

But how can nature be so mastered with affection, that thou canst take such delight and carrye such loue to a dead corse? The mother how tenderly soeuer she loued her childe aliuie, yet shee can not choise but loath him dead. The most louing spouse can not endure the presence of her deceased husband, and whose embracements were delightfom in life, are euer most hateful after death. Yea this is the nature
of

of all, but principally of women, that the very conceite, much more the sight of the departed, striketh into them so fearful and vgly impressions, and stirreth in them so great a horrour, that notwithstanding the most vehement loue, they thinke long till the house be ridde of their very dearest friends, when they are once attired in deaths vnlonely liueries. How thē canst thou endure to take vp his corse in thy handes, and to carry it thou knowest not thy selfe how far, being especially so torne and mangled, and consequently the more likely in so long time to be tainted.

Thy sister was vnwilling that the graue of her owne brother should be opened, and yet he was shrowded in sheetes, embalmed with spices, and died an ordinary death, without any wound, bruse or other harme, that might hasten his corruption. But this corse hath neither shroud nor spice, sith these are all to be seene in the Tombe,
and

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and there is not a part in his body but had some helpe to further it to decay, and art not thou afraide to see him, yea to touch him, yea to embrace and carry him naked in thy armes?

If thou haddest remembred Gods promise, that His Saintes shoulde not see corruption: If thou haddest beleued, that his Godhead remaining with his body, could haue preserved it from perishing, thy faith had ben more worthe of praise, but thy loue lesse worthe of admiration, sith the more corruptible thou diddest conceiue him, the more combers thou diddest determine to ouercome, & the greater was thy loue in being able to conquer them. But thou wouldest haue thought thy ointments rather harms then helpes, if thou hadst bene settled in that belæf, and for so heauenly a corse embalmed with God, all earthly spices woulde haue seemed a disgrace. If likewise thou haddest firmly trusted vpon his resurrection, I should lesse maruail at thy

thy constant designement, sith all hazards in taking him should haue bene with vsury repaid, if lying in thy lap, thou mightest haue seene him reuiued, and his disfigured and dead body beautified in thy armes with a diuine maiesty. If thou hadst hoped so good Fortune to thy watery eies, that they might haue bene first cleared with the beames of his desired light, or that his eies might haue blessed thee with the first fruites of their glorious looks: If thou hadst imagined any likelihood to haue made happy thy dying hart, with taking in the first gaspes of his liuing breath, or to haue heard the first words of his pleasing voice: Finally if thou hadst thought to haue seen his iniuries turned to honours, the markes of his misery to ornaments of glozy, and the depth of thy heavinesse to such a height of felicity, what so euer thou hadst don to obtaine him, had been but a mite for a million, and too slender a price for so soueraigne a peniworth.

But

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But hauing no such hopes to vphold thee, and so many motiues to plunge thee in dispaire, how could thy loue be so mighty, as neither to feele a womans feare of so deformed a coorse, nor to thinke the weight of the burthen too heauy for thy feeble armes, nor to be enamored with a world of daungers that this attempt did carry with it?

But affection can not feare whom it affecteth, loue feeleth no load of him it loueth, neither can true friendship be frightened from rescuing so affied a friend.

What meanest thou then O comfort of her life, to leaue so constant a well-willer so long vncomforted, and to punish her so much, that so well deserueth pardon? Dally no longer with so known a loue, which so many trials auouch most true. And sith thee is nothing but what it pleaseth thee, let her taste the benefite of being onely thine. Shee did not follow the tide of thy better Fortune, to shift saile when the streame

stream did alter course. Shee began not to loue thee in thy life, to leaue thee after death: Neither was shee such a guest at thy table, that meant to be a stranger in thy necessity. Shee leste thee not in thy lowest ebbe, shee reuoluted not from thy last extremity: In thy life shee serued thee with her goods: In thy death shee departed not from thy crosse: after death shee came to dwell with thee at thy graue. Why then dost not thou say with Noemi: Blessed bee shee of our Lord, because what courtesie shee afforded to the quicke, shee hath also continued towards the dead. A thing so much the more to be esteemed, in that it is most rare.

Doe not sweet Lord any longer delay her. Behold shee hath attended thee these three daies, and shee hath not what to eate, nor wherewith to foster her famished soule, vnlesse thou by discovering thy selfe, dost minister vnto her the bread of thy body, & feede her with the fode, that hath in it all taste

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taste of sweetnesse. If therefore thou wilt not haue her to faint in the way, refresh her with that which her hunger requireth. For surely shee cannot long enioy the life of her body, vnlesse shee may haue notice of thee, that art the life of her soule.

But feare not Mary for thy teares will obtaine. They are too mighty oratours, to let any suite fall, & though they pleaded at the most rigorous bar, yet haue they so perswading a silence, and so conquering a complaint, that by yeelding they overcome, and by intreating they commaund. They tie the tongues of all accusers, and soften the rigour of the severest Judge. Yea they win the invincible, and bind the omnipotent. When they seeme most pittiful, they haue greatest power, and being most forsaken they are most victorious. Repentant eies are the Cellers of Angels, and penitent teares their sweetest wines, which the sanctor of life perfumeth, the taste of grace
sweet

Swétneth, and the purest colours of re-
turning innocency highly beautifieth.
This dew of deuotion neuer falleth,
but the sunne of iustice draweth it vp,
and bpō what face soeuer it dropbeth,
it maketh it amiable in Gods eie. For
this water hath thy heart beene long a
limbecke, sometimes distilling it out
of the weedes of thy owne offences
with the fire of true contrition. Some-
times out of the flowers of spirituall
comforts, with the flames of contem-
plation, and now out of the bitter
heerbs of thy Maisters miseries, with
the heate of a tender compassion. This
water hath better graced thy lookes,
then thy former alluring glaunces. It
hath settled worthier beauties in thy
face, then all thy artificiall paintings.
Yea this onely water hath quenched
Gods anger, qualified his iustice, re-
couered his mercy, merited his loue,
purchased his pardon, & brought forth
the spring of all thy fauours. Thy tears
were the prayers for thy brothers
life,

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life, the inuiters of those Angels for
thy comfort, and the suiters that shall
be rewarded with the first sight of thy
reuiued Saviour. Rewarded they shal
be, but not refrained: altered in their
cause, but their course continued. Hea-
uen would weepe at the losse of so pre-
tious a water, and earth lament the
absence of so fruitfull bowers. No
no, the Angels must still bathe them-
sclues in the pure streams of thy eies,
and thy face shall still bee set with this
liquid pearle that as out of thy teares,
were stroken the first sparkes of thy
Lords loue, so thy teares may be the
oyle, to nourishe and feede his flame.
Till death damme vp the springs, they
shall neuer cease running: and then
shal thy soule be ferried in them to the
harbour of life, that as by them it was
first passed from sinne to grace, so in
them it may be waisted from grace to
glozie. In the meane time, réeue vp thy
fallen hopes, and gather confidence
both of thy speedie comforte, and thy
Lords

Lordes well being.

Iesus saith vnto her, Maria, She turning, said vnto him : Rabboni.

Louing maister, thou didst onely deferre her consolation, to increase it, that the delight of thy presence, might be so much the more welcome, in that through thy long absence it was with so little hope, so much desired. Thou wert content thee shoulde lay out for thee so manie sighs, tears, and plaints, and diddest purposely adioyne the date of her paiment, to requite the length of these delaies with a larger loane of ioy. It may be she knewe not her former happinesse, till shee was weaned from it: no: had a right estimate in valuing the treasures, with which thy presence did enriche hir, vntill her extreame pouertie taught her their vnestimable rate. But now thou she wast by a swæte experience, that though she paid thee with the dearest water of her eyes, with her best breath, and tenderest loue, yet small was the
A price

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price that shee bestowed in respect of the worth that shee receiued. She sought the dead, and imprisoned in a stonie gayle: and now she findeth thee both aliue and at full libertie. Shee sought the shzined in a shzowd, moze like a leaper then thy selfe, left as the modell of the bittermost miserie, and the onely paterne of the bitterest unhappinesse: And now shee findeth thee inuested in the robes of glozie, the president of the highest, and both the owner and giuer of all felicitie.

And as all this while shee hath sought without finding, weept without comfozte, and called without answer: so now thou satisfiest her seeking with thy comming, her tears with thy triumph, and al her cries with this one word Marie. For when she heard thee call her in thy wonted maner, and with thy vsuall voyce, her onely name issuing frō thy mouth, wrought so strange an alteration in her, as if she had beene wholly new made, when she
was

was only named. For whereas before the violence of her griefe had so benumbed her, that her bodie seemed but the hearse of her dead heart, and her heart the cophin of an vnliving soule, and hir whole presence but a representation of a double funeral of thine, and of hir owne: now with this one word her senses are restozed, her minde lightened, her heart quickened, and her soule reuiued.

But what maruell though with one word hee raise the dead spirites of his pooze disciple, that with a word made the world, & even in this very worde sheweth an omnipotent power?

Marie she was called as well in her bad as in her reformed estate, and both her good and euill, was all of Maries working. And as Marie signifieth no lesse what she was, then what she is: so is this one word by his vertue that speaketh it, a repetition of all her miseries, an Epitome of his mercies, and a memozial of all her better fortunes.

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And therefore it laid so generall a discoverie of her selfe befoze her eyes, that it awaked her most forgotten sorowes, and mustered together the whole multitude of her ioyes, and would haue left the issue of their mutinie verie doubtfull, but that the presence and notice of hir highest happinesse decided the quarrell, and gaue her ioyes the victoꝝ. For as he was her only sunne, whose going downe, left nothing but a dumpishe night of fearefull fancies, wherein no starre of hope shined, and the brightest plannets were chaunged into dismall signes: so the serenitie of his countenance, and authozitie of hys woꝝde, brought a calme and well tempered day, that chasing away all darkness, and disperpling the cloudes of melancholie, cured the letargie, and breaketh the dead sleep of her astonied senses.

Shée therefore rauished with his voice, and impatient of delaies, taketh his talke out of his mouth, and to his
first

first and yet onely worde, answered but one other calling him Rabboni that is Maister. And then sodaine ioy rowling all other passions, shee coulde no moze proceed in her own, then giue him leaue to goe forwarde with his speech.

Loue would haue spoken, but feare enforced silence. Hope frameth the words, but doubt melteth them in the passage: and whē her inward conceits strived to come out, her voice trembled, her tongue faltered, her breath failed,. In fine teares issued in lieu of words, and deēp sighes in stead of long sentences, the eie supplying the mouths default, and the heart pressing out the unsillabled breath at once, which the conflict of her disagreeing passions, would not suffer to be sorted into the severall soundes of intelligible speeches.

For such is there estate that are sicke with a surfet of sodaine ioy, for the attaining of a thing vehemently desired.

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desired. For as desire is ever ushered by hope, and waited on by feare, so is it credulous in entertaining coniectures, but hard in grounding a firme beliefe. And though it be apt to admitte the least shadow of wished comfort, yet the hotter the desire is to haue it, the moze perfect assurance it requirereth for it: which so long as it wanteth the first newes or apparaunce of that which is in request, is rather an Alarm to summon vp all passions, then a retraite to quiet the desire. For as hope presumeth the best, and inuiteth ioy to gratulate the good successe: so feare suspecteth it too good to be true, & calleth vp sorrowe to bewaile the vncertainety. And while these interchange objections and answeres, sometimes feare falleth into despaire, and hope riseth into repining anger, and thus the skirmishe still continueth till euidence of pzoofe conclude the controuerisie.

Mary therefore though shee sodainly

ly answered vpon notice of his voice,
yet because the nouelty was so strāge,
his person so chaunged, his presence so
vnerpected, and so many miracles laid
at once befoze her amazed eies, shee
found a sedition in her thoughts, till
more earnest beuwing him exempted
them from all doubt.

And then though wordes would
haue broken out, and her hart sent in-
to his, the dueties that shee ought him,
yet euery thought strining to be first
vttered, and to haue the first roome in
his gracious hearing, shee was forced
as an indifferent arbitrer among the,
to seal them vp al vnder silence by sup-
pressing speech, and to supplie the
want of words, with more significant
actions. And therefore running to the
haunt of her chiefest delights, and fal-
ling at his sacred fete, shee offered to
bath them with teares of ioye, and
to sanctifie her lippes with kissing his
once grieuous, but now most glorious
wounds,

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She staied not for any more words, being now made blessed with the word himselfe, thinking it a greater benefite, at once to feede al her wishes, in the homage, honour, and embracing of his feet, then in the often hearing of his lesse comfortable talke.

For as the nature of loue coueteth not onely to be vnited, but if it were possible wholly transfourmed out of it selfe into the thing it loueth: So doth it most affect that which most vniteth, and preferreth the least coniunction befoze any distant contentment. And therefore to see him did not suffice her, to heare him did not quiet her, to speak with him was not inough for her, and except shee might touch him, nothing could please her. But though she humbly fell down at his foete to kisse them, yet Christ did forbidde her saying. Do not touch me for I am not yet ascended to my Father.

O Jesu what mystery is in this? Being dead in sinne shee touched the mortal

most fall faete that were to die for her sake, & being now aliue in grace, may shee not touch thy glozious faete, that are no lesse for her benefite reuiued? Shee was once admitted to annointe thy head, and is shee now vnworthy of accesse to thy faete? Doest thou now commaund her frō that for which thou wert wont to commend her, and by praissing the deede diddest moue her often to doe it? Sith other women shall touch thee, why hath shee a repulse, yea sith shee her selfe shall touch thee hereafter, why is shee now reiected? What meanest thou O Lord by thus debarring her of so desired a duty, and sith among al thy disciples thou hast vouchsafed her with such a prerogative, as to honour her eies with thy first sight, and her eares with thy first wordes, why deniest thou the priuiledge of thy first embracing? If the multitude of her tears haue wonne that fauour for her eies, and her longing to heare thee so great a recompence to her eares, why
doest

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doest thou not admitte her handes to touch, and her mouth to kisse thy holye feete, sith the one with many plaintes and the other with their readinesse to all seruices, seeme to haue earne'd no lesse reward.

But notwithstanding all this thou preuentest the effect of her offer, with forbidding her to touch thee, as if thou haddest said.

¶ Mary know the difference betwene a glorious and a mortall body, betwene the condition of a momentary and of an eternall life. For sith the immortality of the body, and the glory both of body and soule, are the endowments of an heauenly inhabitant, and the rights of an other world, think not this fauour to se me here ordinary, nor leane to touch me a common thing. It were not so great a wonder to see the starres fall from their Sphers, and the Sunne forsake heauen, and to come within the reach of a mortall arme, as for me, that am not only a cittizen, but
the

the soueraign of saints, and the sunne
whose beames are the Angels blisse,
to shew my self visible to the pilgrims
of this world, and to display eternall
beauties to corruptible cies. Though
I be not yet ascended to my father, I
shall shortly ascend, and therfore mea-
sure not thy demeanour towarde me
by the place where I am, but by that
which is due vnto me. And then thou
wilt rather with reuerence fall down
a farre off, then with such familiarity
presume to touch me. Dost thou not
belæue my former promises: hast thou
not a constant proue by my present
wordes? are not thy eies and eares
sufficient testimonies, but that thou
must also haue thy handes & face wit-
nesses of my presence? Touch me not
O Mary for if I doe deceiue thy sight,
or delude thy hearing, I can as easely
beguile thy hand, and frustrat thy fee-
ling. Or if I be true in any one, be-
læue me in all, and embrace me first
in a firme faith, and then thou shalt
touch

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touch me with moze worthy hands. It is now necessary to weane thee from the comfort of my externall presence, that thou maist learne to lodge mee in the secretes of thy heart, and teach thy thoughts to supply the offices of outward senses. For in this visible shape I am not here long to be scene, being shortly to ascend vnto my Father: but what thy eie then seeth not, thy heart shall feelee, and my silent parly wil find audience in thy inward eare. Yet if thou fearest least my ascending should be so sodain, that if thou doest not now take thy leaue of my fete, with thy humble kisses and louing teares, thou shalt neuer finde the like oportunitie againe, licence from thee that needeles suspition. I am not yet ascended to my Father, and for all such dueties there will be a moze conuenient time. But now goe about that which requireth moze hast, and runne to my bzerheren and enforine them what I say, that I will goe before them into Galilee, there

there they shall see me.

Mary therfore preferring her lords will, before her owne wish, yet sorry that her will was worthy of no better event, departeth from him like a hungry infant puld from a full teat, or a thirsty Hart chased from a sweet fountaine. Shee iudged her selfe but an unlucky messenger of most ioyfull tidings, being banished from her Masters presence, to carry newes of his resurrection. Alas (saith shee) and cannot others be happy without my unhappinesse, or cannot their gains come in, but through my losses? Must the dawning of their day be the evening of mine, and my soule robbed of such a treasure, to enrich their eares? O my heart returne thou to enjoy him, why goest thou with me, that am enforced to goe from him? In me thou art but in prison, and in him is thy onely Paradise. I haue buried thee long enough in former sorowes, & yet now when thou wert halfe reuiued, I am constrained

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strained to carry thee from the spring of life. Alas goe seeke to better thy selfe in some more happy breast, sith I euill deseruing creature am nothing different from that I was, but in ha- uing taken a taste of the highest delite, that the knowlegde & want of it might drowne me in the deepest misery.

Thus dutie leading, and loue with- holding her, shee goeth as fast backe- ward in thought as for ward in pace, readie estsones to faint for grieve, but that a firme hope to see him againe did support her weakenesse. Shee often turned towards the tombe to breathe, deeming the verie ayre that came from the place where he stood to haue taken vertue of his presence, and to haue in it a refreshing force aboue the course of nature. Sometimes shee forgetteth her self, and loue carrieth her in a gol- den distraction, making her to imagin that her Lord is present, and then shee seemeth to demand him questions, and to heare his answeres: she dreameth that

that his fæte are in her folded armes,
and that hee giueth her soule a full re-
past of his comforts. But alas when
she commeth to her selfe, and findeth it
but an illusion, she is so much the more
sorie, in that the onely imagination,
being so delightfull, she was not wor-
thie to enioy the thing it self. And whē
she passeth by those places where her
maister had been. O stones (saith shee)
howe much more happie are you then
I mosse wretched caitiffe, sith to you
was not denied the touch of those bles-
sed feet, whereof my euill deserts haue
now made me vnworthie? Alas what
crime haue I of late committed that
hath thus cancelled mee out of his good
conceite, and estranged from me his
accustomed courtesie? Had I but a
lease of his loue, for tearme of his life,
or did my interest in his fæte expire
with his decease? In them with my
teares I write my first supplication
for mercy, which I pointed with sighs,
foulded vp in my hayre, and humble
sealed

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sealed with the impression of my lips.
They were the doores of my first entrance into his fauour, by which I was graciously entertained in his heart, and admitted to do homage vnto his head, while it was yet a mortall mirrour of immortall maiestie, an earthly seate of a heavenly wisdom, containing in man a Gods felicitie.

But alas I must bee contented to beare a lower saile, and to take down my desires to farre meaner hopes, sith former fauours are now too high marks for me to ayme at.

O my eyes why are you so ambitious of heavenly honours? He is now too bright a sunne for so weake a sight: your lookes are limited to meaner light, you are the eyes of a bat, and not of an Eagle: you must humble your selues to the twilight of inferior thinges, and measure your sightes by your slender substance. Gaze not too much vpon the blaze of eternitie, least you lose your selues in too much selfe delight

delight, and being too curious in lifting
his maiestie, you be in the end oppres-
sed with his glozie . No no, sith I am
reieted from his feet, how can I other-
wise presume, but that my want of
faith hath dislodged me out of his heart,
and throwne me out of all possession of
his minde and memorie . Yet why
shoulde I stoupe to so base a feare?
why want of faith was agreed with
want of all goodnesse, he disdained not
to accept me for one of his number:
and shall I now thinke that hee will
for my faint beleefe so rigorously aban-
don me? And is the sinceritie of my
loue, wherein he hath no partner, of so
slender accompt, that it may not hope
for some little sparke of his wonted
mercy? I will not wrong him with so
vniust a suspicion, sith his appearing
improueth it, his wordes ouerthrowe
it, his countenance doth disswade it:
why then shoulde I sucke so much sor-
row out of so vaine a surmise.

Thus Maries trauailing phantasies,

It

making

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making long voyages in this short iorney, and wauering betweene the ioy of her vision, and the grieſe of her deniall entertained her in the way, and held her parly with ſuch diſcourſes, as are incident into minds, in which, neither hope is ſul maiſter of the field, nor fear hath receiued an vtter ouerthrow.

But as ſhee was in this perplered maner, now falling, now riſing in her owne vncertainties, ſhee findeth on the way, the other holy women, that firſt came with hir to the graue, whom the angels had now aſſured of Chriſts reſurrection. And as they paſſed all forwardes towardes the Diſciples: Behold Ieſus met them, ſaying: All hayle. But they came neere, and took hold of his feete, and adored him. Then Ieſus ſaid vnto them, feare not. Go tell my brethren, that they go into Galilee, there they ſhall ſee me.

O Lord how profound are thy indgements, and unſerchable thy counſels: doth her ſorrow ſit ſo neere thy heart,

Funerall Teares.

or thy repulse rebound with such regret
by seeing her wounded loue blæde so fast
at her eyes, that thy late refusall must
so soone be requited with so free a grant?
Is it thy pitie, or her change, which can-
not allowe that shee should any longer
fast from her earnest longing?

But O moste milde phisition, well
knowest thou that thy sharpe coꝛrosie,
with bitter smarte angred her tender
wound, which being rather caused, by
vnwitting ignoꝛance then wilfull erroꝛ,
was as soone cured as knowne. And ther-
foze thou quickly appliest a swæte leni-
tie, to assuage her paine, that shee
might acknowledge her foꝛbidding ra-
ther a fatherly checke to her vnsettled
faith, then an austere reiecting her foꝛ
her fault. And therefore thou admiittest
her to kisse thy feete, the two conduits of
grace, and seales of our redemption, re-
newing her a charter of thy vnchanged
loue, and accepting of her the bowed sa-
crifice of her sanctified soule.

And thus gracious Lord hast thou fi-

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nished

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nished her feares, assured her hopes, fulfilled her desires, satisfied her loues, stin-
ted her teares, perswaded her ioyes, and
made the period of her expiring griefes,
the preamble to her nowe entring, and
neuer ending pleasures.

O how mercifull a father thou art, to
left D:phanes, how easie a iudge to re-
pentant sinners, and howe faithfull a
friend to sincere louers? It is vndoub-
tedly true, that thou neuer leauest those
that loue thee, and thou louest suche as
rest their affiance in thee. They shall
finde thee liberall aboue desert, & boun-
tifull beyond hope: a measurer of thy
giftes, not by their merites, but by thy
owne mercie.

O chzistian soule take Mary for thy
mirrour, follow her affection that like ef-
fectes may follow thine. Learne O sin-
full man of this once a sinfull woman,
that sinners may finde Chzist, if there
sinnes be amended. Learne that whome
sinne loseth, loue recouereth, whome
faintnesse of faith chaseth away, firmnes
of

of hope recalleth, & that which no other mortall force, fauour or policy can compasse, the continued teares of a constant loue, are able to obtaine. Learne of Mary for Christ to feare no encounters, out of Christ to desire no comforts, and with the loue of Christ to ouer-rule the loue of all things. Rise early in y morning of thy good motions, and let them not sleepe in sloth, when diligence may persourne them. Run with repentaunce to thy sinfull heart which should haue bene the temple, but through thy faulte, was no better then a Tombe for Christ, sith hauing in thee no life to seele him, he semed vnto thee as if he had bene dead. Rouse away the stone of thy former hardnes, remoue all the heauy loades y oppresse thee in sin, & looke into thy soule, whether thou canst there finde thy Lord. If he be not within thee, stand weeping without, and seeke him in other creatures, sith being present in all, he may be found in any. Let faith be thy eie, hope thy guide, and loue thy light. Seeke him, and not

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his: for himselfe, and not for his giftes. If thy faith haue found him in a cloude, let thy hope seek to see him. If hope haue led thee to see him, let loue seek further into him. To moue in thee a desire to finde, his goods are precious: and when he is found, to keep thee in a desire to seek his treasures are infinit. Absent he must be sought to be had, being had, he must be sought to be more enioyed. Seeke him truely, and no other for him. Seeke him purely, and no other thing with him. Seeke him only and nothing beside him. And if at the first search he appeare not, thinke it not much to perseuer in tears, and to continue thy seeking. Stand vpon the earth, treading vnder these all earthly vanities, and touching them, with no more then the soles of thy feete, that is with the lowest and least part of thy affection. To looke the better in the tombe, bow down thy necke to the yoke of humility, and stoupe from lofty and proud conceites: that with humbled and lowly lookes thou maist finde, whom swelling
and

and haughtie thoughtes haue drawne away. A submitted soule soonest winneth his returne, and the deeper it sinketh in a selfe contempt, the higher it climeth in his highest fauours. And if thou perceiuest in the tombe of thy hart, the presence of his two first messengers, that is at the feet sorrow of the bad that is past, and at the head, desire to a better that is to come: entertaine them with sighes, and welcome them with penitent tears: yet reckoning them but as herbingers of thy Lord, cease not thy seeking till thou findest him selfe. And if hee vouchsafe thee with his glorious sight, offering himselfe to thy inward eies, presume not of thy selfe to be able to knowe him, but as his vnworthie suppliant prostrate thy petitions vnto him, that thou maiest truely discern him, and faithfully serue him. Thus preparing thee with diligence, comming with speede, standing with high lifted hopes, and stooping with inclined heart: if with Marie thou crauest no other solace of Iesus but Ie-
sus

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As himselfe, he will answere thy teares
with his p̄sence, and assure thee of his
p̄sence with his owne words, that ha-
uing seene him thy selfe, thou maiest
make him knowne to others : saying
with Marie. I haue seene our Lord,
and these thinges he sayd
vnto me.

Laus Deo.

Faults escaped in the Printing.

In the Epistle fol. 2. b. lin. 2. sconces, read scoutess.
To the Reader, foure lines before the end. and the patience, read and patience.

Fol. 2. b. lin. 23 eternall, read externall. fol. 3. b. l. 19. summoned, read summed. Fol. 4. a. l. 3. disease, read de-
cease. Fol. 6. a. l. 21. ,for read. For. Fol. 6. b. l. 15. com-
panions, read champions. Fol. 7. a. l. 22. drouen, read
drowned. Fol. 7. b. l. 17. should, read would. Fol. 11. b. l. 7. to thy, read to her. Fol. 14. a. l. 24. demanding, read
demaund. Fol. 18. b. l. 22. I heard, read I had. Fol. 19. a. l. 14. couch, read touch. Fol. 22. b. l. 1. heart, read harts.
Ibid. l. 8. this, read his. Fol. 23. a. l. 10. dicease, read de-
cease. Fol. 26. b. l. 14. enioyned read enjoyed. Fol. 29. b. l. 12. trouble, read throbbes. Ibid. l. 21. without which
calling it commeth, read which without calling commeth.
Fol. 31. a. l. 9. to weeping, read to no more then weeping.
Fol. 35. a. l. 25. better titles, read better, many titles. Fol. 44. a. l. 12. misere, read miserie. Fol. 51. b. l. 25. to, read do
Fol. 52. a. l. 3. kind, strength, read kind, thy strength. Fol. 53. b. l. 7. His Sayts, read His holy one. Fol. 58. b. l. 21. breaketh, read brake. Fol. 66. a. l. 14. lenity, read leni-
tine. Ibid. l. 20. kisse thy, read kisse in thy